VERMONT *Quarterly*

THE MONUMENT OF THOMAS CHITTENDEN, FIRST GOVERNOR OF VERMONT, IN WILLISTON, VERMONT. INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT:

Out of storm and manifold perils rose an enduring state,
the home of freedom and unity.

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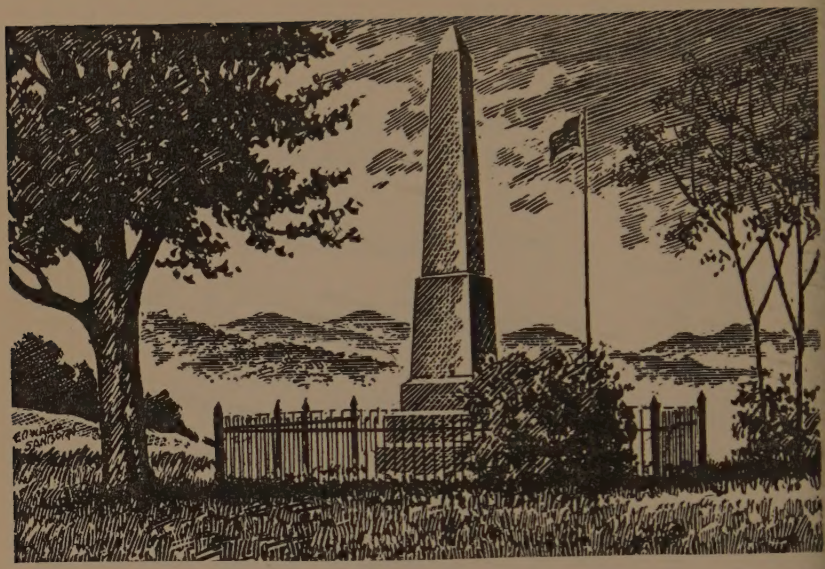

THE HUBBARDTON BATTLE MONUMENT

THE BATTLE OF HUBBARDTON WAS FOUGHT ON JULY 7, 1777

"It was an *important* battle. . . . The year preceding was one of the greatest gloom, especially in the North. The retreat of two large armies from Canada . . . the evacuation of Ticonderoga and Fort Independence . . . and the triumphant entry of Burgoyne with a splendid army . . . all these filled the country with consternation and despair. Washington was terribly disappointed; New England was alarmed . . . The first gleam of hope appeared when Warner turned upon Frazier at Hubbardton, like a tiger upon his pursuers." From the Address by Henry Clark at the Dedication of the Monument, July 7, 1859, at Hubbardton, Vermont.

THE BATTLE OF HUBBARDTON

By William R. Folsom

The action fought at Hubbardton, Vt., on July 7, 1777, has continuing reverberations, but the battle seems to be taking on a significance it has not had in past years. Also, the figure of the commanding officer in the action seems to loom across the century in larger stature. In the valley where much of the battle was fought, he stood staunchly with his Green Mountain troops, and there the tide of battle seems to have turned. Editor.

The battle of Hubbardton was a small affair in proportion to the number of troops taking part in it. It represents a little known, well-nigh forgotten episode in our Revolutionary War.

There are, however, a few notable facts about it: it was the first engagement with a foreign enemy on Vermont soil; it was the first time band music was ever heard in battle in America, although I believe General Sheridan, on one occasion, at least, used a mounted band to play his troops into action; it is also noted for the scenic beauty of the battlefield. There are few spots in Vermont more lovely than the hills above the tiny town. Hubbardton was a Waterloo on a small scale; opposing forces were just one-tenth of those at Waterloo; the losses were in exactly the same proportion. Both battles were decided by the appearance of a German force on the right flank.

Hubbardton was just a little frontier settlement at the time of the battle—only nine families in the township, and judging from a recent visit, there has been no overwhelming increase in population in 175 years.

The battle itself was a small fight, a fierce fight, a rear-guard action, but battles are not measured by the numbers involved or casualties suffered. Hubbardton was fought in one of the darkest hours of the Revolution—dark as the winter at Valley Forge, but it saved the garrison of Ticonderoga from destruction and enabled that garrison to unite with General Schuyler's forces at Fort Edward on the Hudson. The combined garrisons fell down the river to Saratoga and took part in the famous Battle of Bemis Heights which resulted in the defeat of General Burgoyne and the surrender of the British Army. Burgoyne's surrender brought about the intervention of France

which was the first long step toward the independence of the Colonies.

At the beginning of the Revolution, the British War Office found itself with a very tough problem on its hands. North America covered a very large amount of territory—much of it wilderness. Of course, with the aid of the British Navy, troops could be landed almost anywhere along the Atlantic Coast and key cities captured, but getting at the interior cities and towns was a very different matter. There were few good roads, many just stump-filled gashes through the wilderness; all of them offered splendid opportunities for the deadly ambush.

However, there was one feasible way of invading the heart of the Country—a water way. British troops could be sent across the Atlantic on transports, up the St. Lawrence to the Richelieu River, up that river to Lakes Champlain and George. From the upper end of Lake George a land march of only twenty miles would bring an army to navigable water on the Hudson and so on to Albany and New York. Thus New England (the hot bed of the Revolution) could be cut off from the other Colonies, overrun and conquered.

The British War Office tried this plan twice. In 1776, the year of the famous Declaration, the Continental Congress decided to invade Canada in the foolish hope of winning over the Canadian people to the cause of Independence. A more intimate knowledge of French customs and character would have revealed the unwelcome fact that among the French habitants scarcely a word of English was spoken or understood, a country where land was held under the feudal system of the Middle Ages and which could boast of but one printing press. To the Canadian habitant the word "Independence" had no meaning.

Possibly the Colonies were a bit over-confident after Lexington and Concord had shown the British commanders the deadly qualities of the backwoods rifle, for that rifle in the hands of expert marksmen had made Bunker Hill one of the bloodiest battles in our history. As a result, the Canadian Expedition was a ghastly failure and General Arnold's forlorn army, half-starved, half-naked, half-dead from smallpox, retreated down Lake Champlain and found a refuge of sorts behind the walls of the old French fortress of "Ty."

Through the courage and fighting ability of Benedict Arnold at the Battle of Valcour Island, an invading British Army was obliged to return to Canada. This ended the British invasion of 1776.

In the campaign of 1777, it was decided by the British War Office to seize and hold the Hudson and Mohawk Valleys. These valleys contained the bulk of the inhabitants of New York State. New York

ranked seventh among the seventeen Colonies and many of her people were Tories. To capture and occupy the State looked like a comparatively easy task. Besides, this maneuver would make it impossible for New England to receive support from the southern Colonies.

I

Before putting the Battle of Hubbardton upon the stage of history, perhaps it would be well to submit a cast of the characters who took part in the play. Many Brass Hats and Belted Earls were on the hills above Hubbardton that hot July morning in 1777.

Lieutenant General Sir John Burgoyne was born in London in 1722—fifty-five years old, his mother a great beauty, and the son looked like his mother. A gay young cavalry officer, Burgoyne eloped with Lady Charlotte Stanley, daughter of the eleventh Earl of Derby, the originator of that famous steeple-chase race which has caused so much grief to so many of us. Whatever faults the General had (and he had them), he was always a kind and affectionate husband. Young Burgoyne was on active service in the Seven Years War and was present at the disaster of St. Cas in France where the British forces were routed and driven to the beach, much like the disaster at Dunkirk. One interesting fact, however, redeems this affair from oblivion. The Quartermaster General of the British Army, instead of getting busy and hustling the men on board the ships, sat on the beach (quote) "Spending his time in the trivial amusement of reading the Gazette." Good old British nonchalance—my word!

The General's faults and virtues seem to be pretty well balanced. We believe that Sir John was no stranger to the fire-water of the Paleface or to the famous wines of Portugal, but we must remember that this was an age of heavy drinking both in and out of the army—and men were classified as one, two, and three-bottle men. This was a unique method of classifying drunks and might deserve the attention of our highway police. Burgoyne was very fond of rattlesnake soup, which puts him in a class by himself as a connoisseur of fine foods. The General liked the theatre and wrote plays himself. Here is a song from his *Lord of the Manor*, a musical comedy:

Sing & Quaff,
Dance & laugh
A fig for care or sorrow
Kiss & drink
But never think
'Tis all the same to-morrow.

This *could* be used as a commercial for the beer that made Milwaukee famous.

Burgoyne's chief success was *The Heiress*. It was acted fifty times in one season, a long run for its day. The play was translated into many languages and ran into many editions. The *Heiress* was popular in its time, but today I fear it lies on the top shelf of some dust-covered storeroom.

The General liked the ladies, high and low, and would, I think, have made quite a figure in Hollywood. The General was also not averse to taking Dotty Twinkletoes of the stage out to supper and a hot bird and cold bottle after the show.

His virtues were, on the other hand, many and great: first, courage —that indispensible requisite of a good commander; he was no more afraid of a bullet than was John Stark or Seth Warner. He was devoted to the welfare of his men; they, in turn, were devoted to him. Like General Washington, he issued orders against swearing in the army. He had had much experience in the art of war on European fields, but the wilderness of North America was a new terrain which contributed to his downfall in the end.

General Burgoyne's subordinate commanders were able and experienced officers. General Simon Fraser, forty-six, commanded one of the three brigades of the army—a veteran soldier who had served with Wolfe at the capture of Quebec.

The Indians, about 500, were commanded by Luc de la Corme St. Luc, an old and experienced Canadian officer and a well-known leader of Indian war parties. St. Luc had been present at the capture of the English Fort William Henry in the late war with France and had watched with cold-blooded indifference the massacre of the helpless garrison by the Indians.

The commander of the Hessian troops was General Friederick Adolph von Riedesel—a veteran German officer who had served with General Fraser in the French Wars.

In 1775, following the capture of "Ty" by Ethan Allen, Warner and Remember Baker seized the fortress of Crown Point with its garrison of a sergeant and twelve men.

Near the end of the battle of Bennington, Colonel Warner with his regiment of 350 men arrived from Manchester; the only fresh troops on the field, they turned the tide and brought victory to General Stark's exhausted men. Warner's obstinate rear-guard action at Hubbardton allowed the main body of the retreating Americans to escape.

Frontier hardships and exposure took their toll of Warner's strong constitution; his mind gave way and in delirium he lived again his battles; he died at forty-one, leaving his family destitute.

In the retreat from "Ty" and in the battle itself, he is the outstanding figure. With his little force of demoralized, hungry, and exhausted men, most of whom had never fired a shot in battle, he bravely turned and for a time fought a veteran British force "off its feet." The memory of his deeds is enshrined forever in the hearts of all true Vermonters.

We know little of the other commanders at Hubbardton. Colonel Ebenezer Francis was—like Warner—a huge man with some military experience, for he had commanded a regiment at the siege of Boston. He commanded a Massachusetts regiment at Hubbardton, was killed at the head of his men, and buried by the Hessians. Colonel Francis was a fine example of the patriotic citizen-soldier. He died—as every true soldier would wish to die—in the forefront of the battle—his face to the foe. "No man died on that field with more Glory than he —yet many died and there was much Glory."

Colonel Nathan Hale, at the first onslaught of the enemy, retired with his regiments, as many of his men were sick and exhausted; he was overtaken on the road to Castleton and surrendered. Colonel Hale was bitterly criticised for his action and asked for a court martial, but before it could be granted, he was taken prisoner and died on Long Island. He was thirty-seven years old.

II

The British War Cabinet's plan for the campaign of 1777 was based on these elements. Burgoyne's army, about 8000 men including 3000 Hessians and 500 Indians, was to cross Lake Champlain and come down the Hudson to Albany—there to meet Sir William Howe's army coming up the Hudson. A third force under Colonel Harry St. Leger was to march down the Mohawk Valley to Albany. All three armies—an overwhelming force—would strike the American Army front, flank and rear. New England, thus cut off from the other Colonies, could be overrun and subdued.

The fly in the ointment was this: 300 miles of enemy wilderness separated the British armies at Montreal and New York. Messages between them had to go by sea—15,000 miles.

To turn back this triple invasion, the Colonies had a small disease-ridden, disheartened half-armed army at "Ty" of about 2,000 men—many mere boys; some had neither shoes nor stockings; there were

no beds or bedding for the sick. The circuit of the entrenchments was so large that it would have required 10,000 men to hold them, and St. Clair, the commander, had a weak 2,000. "Had every man I had," he said, "been disposed of in single file along the lines of defense, they would scarcely have been in reach of each other's voices."

The commander of this pitiful force was General Arthur St. Clair; born in Scotland, St. Clair was an Ensign in the British Army at twenty-one; he married a niece of Colonel Bowdoin of Maine, took part in the retreat of the American Army from Canada in 1775, and was with Washington at the battles of Trenton and Princeton.

In the spring of 1777 he was ordered to take charge of the defense of "Ty"; his evacuation of that post brought a storm of wrath and protest upon his head. Congress recalled him from service in the field; he was court-martialed but was completely exonerated.

John Adams said that they would never be able to defend a post until they shot a General.

In 1791, eight years after the Revolution, St. Clair, then Governor of the Northwest Territory, was overwhelmingly defeated by the Indian tribes of the northwest under the celebrated Miami chief, Little Turtle. St. Clair was sick, feeble, old, eager to do his duty, yet totally unfit to encounter the hardships and responsibility of frontier war.

The Indians attacked St. Clair's camp at dawn. A desperate fight followed. St. Clair walked up and down the battle line, his clothes cut by eight bullets, a lock of his thick gray hair taken off by a bullet. Several times he led charges, sword in hand; the army became panic-stricken and an uncontrollable stampede took place.

Now General Washington had warned St. Clair of the danger of surprise. When Washington heard of the disaster, he broke out in one of his rare fits of rage. "To suffer that army to be cut to pieces, hacked, butchered, tomahawked by a surprise. Oh God, oh God, he's worse than a murderer! How can he answer to his Country?" Then in a calmer mood he said: "Gen. St. Clair shall have justice." And St. Clair did get full justice and mercy from both the General and Congress, for they found him not guilty of the disaster. As a result of signing notes for friends and the failure of Congress to reimburse him for funds advanced for Government use, St. Clair lost all his fortune; his last years were spent in poverty and he died in a log cabin.

In St. Clair's defense, it might be mentioned that as late as June,

1777, he was assured that the British would transport most of the troops in Canada by water to help General Howe take Philadelphia.

Such was the fate of the commander of "Ty," a brave man, a good soldier, but lacking in judgment.

III

The battle of Hubbardton was a consequence of the British invasion of 1777. Burgoyne arrived in Quebec in May, 1777, and at once proceeded to mobilize his army for the passage of Lake Champlain and the march down the Hudson to Albany. His army was small but consisted mainly of well-disciplined regulars with a powerful train of artillery.

The employment of Indians against the New England Provinces was a great mistake on England's part. Burgoyne's address to the tribes did not help the situation. "Warriors," cried Burgoyne, "strike at the common enemies of Great Britain and America," to which an old Iroquois Chief, not to be outdone in rhetoric by a mere British General, assured their Great Father that "Their hatchets had been sharpened upon the whetstone of their affections." Now the Revolutionary generation of New Englanders were an exceedingly tough and courageous lot. They had been brought up on tales of Indian raids, of murders, home burnings, scalpings and the carrying off of helpless women and children; so when they learned that hundreds of these human tigers were coming down on them, tomahawk and scalping knife in hand, they seized their familiar long rifles and swarmed out from their farms and villages to meet the invaders.

They tell the tale of the old Vermont farmer who was cutting hay on his lower meadow near Bennington, when a neighbor dashed up on a foaming horse and shouted that 8000 British Regulars and 500 Indians were only 10 miles away and coming fast. The old man stooped down, took a wisp of hay, wiped off his scythe blade, hung his scythe on a peg in the barn, went into the house, took down his rifle from over the kitchen fireplace, tested the hammer and flint and said, "Wal, goodbye, Priscilly, I am going to find out by God who owns this farm afore night."

The Hessians were utterly unsuited for backwoods fighting; they carried knapsack and haversack with four days provisions, a very heavy rifle with sixty rounds of ammunition, a sword of enormous size resembling the sword of St. Michael, a canteen holding a gallon, long-skirted coats, leather jack (hip) boots, grenadier caps with

heavy brass ornaments. General Fraser spoke of the Hessians as "a helpless king of troops in the woods." (He never spake a truer word.)

One can imagine the exhaustion of these men burdened like pack mules with groceries and hardware, marching at top speed over the twenty-four miles of steep hills which lay between "Ty" and Hubbardton. These Hessian troops were a queer lot: among them were found a runaway poet from Jena, a fringe-maker from Hanover (wonder if he put some on the surrey), a monk from Wurzburg, and a cashiered Hessian major.

Burgoyne's army slowly made its way south along the Richelieu River and proceeded to cross Lake Champlain. Lieutenant Thomas Anburey of one of the British infantry regiments gives a graphic picture of the crossing: "When the widest part of the lake was reached, it was remarkably fine and clear, not a breeze stirring.—In front the Indians went in their birch canoes, containing 20 or 30 in each; then the advance corps in regular line with the gunboats; then followed the Royal George and the Inflexible (the ship which crippled Arnold's flagship the Royal Savage in the battle of Valcour Island the previous year) with the other brigades and sloops following."

The British War Office, in their stupidity, imagined that Burgoyne would have an easy time of it marching down to Albany. It was a tragic mistake. The Hampshire Grants were roused to fury by the advance of a foreign enemy along their borders accompanied by hundreds of Indians. The American Militia were all in the field and hung—as Burgoyne graphically described it—"like a gathering storm upon my left."

The situation of the Colonies was this: Crown Point, that mighty fortress of the old French wars, had been partially destroyed by fire and abandoned. "Ty," thirteen miles south of Crown Point, now became the strong point of the American defense. Here everything was in chaos and neglect. The garrison was commanded by Major General Horatio Gates of whom it was said that during all his northern campaign he had never heard a bullet whistle; he was a good-looking political officer, but showed no evidence of any skill or courage.

The defences of "Ty" extended two and one-half miles; the garrison was far too small and poorly equipped to man them. Some of the soldiers were given poles with sharp iron points—something like the pikes carried by King Arthur's men-at-arms. June came,

and the defense of "Ty" was intrusted to Major General Arthur St. Clair.

The soldiers at "Ty" were in as pitiful condition as the fort. Smallpox which they had brought back with them on their retreat from Quebec still prevailed. Dysentery and pneumonia raged in the miserable huts as a result of a lack of proper food and exposure to the harshness of a Lake Champlain winter. There were no beds nor bedding for the sick other than their own ragged garments. "The first object presented to my eyes," said a witness, "was one man lying dead at the door, then inside two more dead, with 2 living between them."

The British army landed a few miles above "Ty," where the Indians proceeded to make things lively by getting drunk. The Americans had built an extensive fort on the east side of the lake to which they gave their favorite name, "Independence." This fort was a star-shaped affair, well-supplied with guns; in the center was a square of barracks, part of which was used as a hospital. The fort was on top of a high hill, which was also named Mt. Independence.

To defend the two forts and the huge floating bridge between them, 12 feet wide and 1000 feet long, necessitated a circle of entrenchments so large that, as we have said, it would have taken at least 10,000 men to hold them; St. Clair had a scant 2,000 half-starved, half-dead militia to do it.

Directly south from "Ty" was an eminence called Sugar Hill—600 feet high and very steep and heavily wooded. Should Burgoyne be able to get a battery of heavy guns up there, "Ty" would become a trap, and evacuation would be the only thing left to do to save the army from capture or destruction. Sugar Hill was so steep and rugged that the Americans had not thought it necessary to occupy or fortify it. At an earlier date, following the retreat of the army from Canada, Colonel Trumbull of the militia had fired a 6 lb. gun from the fort which reached the summit, yet General Gates had ridiculed the idea that the enemy could move guns up the mountain.

General Phillips, Burgoyne's artillery expert, looked at Sugar Hill, and said, "Where a goat can go—a man can too and where a man can go, he can haul up a gun."

Burgoyne's chief engineer carefully explored Sugar Hill and reported that a road could be cut up the mountain good enough for artillery. After a day and half of hard work on the part of the naval detachment with block and tackle, a battery of heavy guns was in place on the summit, and the fate of "Ty" was sealed.

On the afternoon of July 5, Burgoyne occupied Sugar Hill which was promptly named Mt. Defiance. The British battery of heavy guns commanded both "Ty" and Mt. Independence.

On the morning of July 6, St. Clair coming out on the parade ground, looked up and saw the top of Sugar Hill covered with guns and scarlet uniforms; he saw the game was up. "Ty" was doomed. "To remain," said Benjamin Lossing, the famous historian, "would be to lose his army; to retreat would be to lose his character." St. Clair, to his infinite honor, chose to retreat and was court-martialed for his action. St. Clair wrote the President of Congress: "I saw no alternative but to evacuate the posts and bring off the army. Whereupon I called the General Officers together to take their opinions; they were unanimously of opinion that the places should be evacuated without the least loss of time, and it was accordingly set about that night—the 5th instant." At 2 A.M. St. Clair left "Ty." About three troops were put in motion for the evacuation of the Mount. The retreating men were demoralized, exhausted and disheartened. Colonel Francis brought off the rear-guard about 4 o'clock.

It took the Royal Navy just a half hour to break the heavy boom of timbers, bolted and riveted with large bolts and double chains of iron, and cut a passage through the bridge which had been built with so much labor and pains. The British fleet destroyed all that was left of Benedict Arnold's little squadron of the previous autumn, and burned all the barges, storehouses, sawmills and forges at Skeenesborough at the end of the lake. The official report to General Schuyler stated that "not one earthly thing was saved."

General Riedesel reported that the English, to their great surprise, found that the Americans had evacuated the two forts, "Ty" and Independence. Riedesel immediately took possession of Fort Independence; at the same time General Fraser occupied "Ty." "As there were many to plunder," said Fraser, "it was with very great difficulty I could prevent horrid irregularities." Eighty large guns, 5000 tons of flour, (which seems impossible, pounds would be nearer the mark) a great quantity of meat and provisions, 15,000 stand of arms, a large amount of ammunition and 200 oxen, were found in the two enemy camps.

The fat German General was, I think, drawing a long bow regarding what was found in the forts, in order to stand well in the eyes of his Commanding General, but he shrewdly observes that "Great fright and consternation must have prevailed in the enemy's camp; otherwise, they would have taken time to destroy the stores."

A council of war was held and under cover of darkness St. Clair and his garrison crossed the lake on the bridge and retreated toward Castleton, 30 miles from "Ty," and 12 miles from Skeenesborough. A house on Mt. Independence was set on fire, a stupid blunder on the part of the stupid French General de Formoy. He was in command there, and asleep when all this took place; he awoke and set fire to his quarters as he was leaving them about 2 A.M., July 6. By its light the British scouts saw the last of the American Army going up the hills and into the woods. The British flag was hoisted over the fort, while General Fraser with 900 men started after them. "I got planks," said Fraser, "by which I crossed my Brigade to the Mount." Riedesel was sent forward in support while Burgoyne, leaving 1,000 men to garrison the fort, started up the lake to Skeenesborough.

IV

On July 7 Fraser overtook the American rear-guard under Colonels Warner and Francis at Hubbardton, twenty-two miles from Mt. Independence, where it had halted for the night six miles behind the main army on its way to Castleton.

Luckily, most of the Indians went with Burgoyne. The rear-guard under the command of Colonel Seth Warner, which with stragglers and sick amounted to about 1200 men, had stopped at Hubbardton for the night. Colonel Warner had his own regiment of Vermonters and two other regiments under Colonels Francis and Hale. Colonel Warner, who had been sent to Otter Creek, had returned to the fort on the 5th, bringing a reinforcement of Vermont militia.

General Fraser gave his men a much needed rest until 3 A.M. of the 7th, then pushed on at top speed and overtook the American rear-guard which was in camp and cooking breakfast. At 5 A.M. he attacked.

A fierce fight now took place, one of the most furious of the Revolution; the lines of battle were within sixty yards of each other (shotgun range). One side would advance only to be driven back by the other. It is said that when Warner saw Colonel Francis' men falling back after his death, he went wild with wrath and cursed them in true Ethan Allen style. For two hours the fight went on. The Vermont farmers and woodsmen posted themselves behind trees and rocks and took a terrible toll of the enemy with their long-barrelled rifled guns. Fraser was hard pressed and had lost one-fifth of his force when General Riedesel arrived with the Hessians. Sitting on his horse at the side of road, he cursed his men fluently in high Dutch

for their slowness, then sent them forward into battle from a high hill on the right of the American line, the band playing and the men singing battle hymns. Perhaps he made use of selections from "Die Gotterdamerung" or excerpts from the "Damnation of Faust," who knows? Anyhow, the "Dead March from Saul" would have been a perfect pace setter for the panting Hessians. Fraser heard the racket and ordered a bayonet charge, and the right wing of the American line took to the woods. Fraser and Riedesel were old companions in arms in the old French wars. General Fraser acknowledged that Riedesel's opportune arrival saved his men from being surrounded and cut off. The Americans lost 324 men killed, wounded and missing; the British lost 183 rank and file killed and wounded—3 officers killed and 12 wounded. Some of the Green Mountain boys fell back from the German bayonet attack, but the rest kept up the fight in true "bush" style from behind cover of logs and trees.

The fierce resistance of the Americans at Hubbardton enabled St. Clair and the "Ty" garrison to join the main American Army at Fort Edward. For evidence on this point let us consider the testimony of the British commanders who took part in the fight. Said Earl Balcorras, commanding the British Light Infantry, "The enemy very hard pressed on their retreat, they certainly behaved with great gallantry." "Was it practical to have pursued the enemy further after that action, considering the nature of the country, fatigue of the King's troops, care of the wounded, etc? It was not. Difficulties of removing the wounded from Hubbardton to Ty very great, due to the distance and badness of the roads."

Lieutenant Thomas Anbury said that the British losses were so heavy that further pursuit of St. Clair and the main body was useless. Another English observer said that the Americans had no tactics, no knowledge of maneuver, no discipline, and would rather shoot from cover—on the other hand, they were wonderful marksmen, with great knowledge of woodcraft. All this is an excellent estimate of the Vermonters' fighting ability.

There was great difference in the weapons of the contending forces. It was the long-barreled, true-grooved small-caliber rifle in the knarled and knotty hands of the Green Mountain Boys which saved the "Ty" garrison from destruction. It was that same rifle ("that cursed, twisted gun," so described by a British officer at the Battle of Bunker Hill) that brought about the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga—the turning point of the Revolution.

Swiss and German gunmakers had migrated to Pennsylvania before

the Revolution. From them, Vermont gunsmiths had learned the art of grooving gun barrels,—drilling out the "lands" or grooves. The rifle was of equal value with his axe to the Vermont pioneer, and he was an expert with both. He could drive a pin in the ground and lay a tree on it with his axe: he could shoot a grey squirrel through the head from the top of the tallest tree, cut off the head of a partridge at 30 yards, and any deer within a circle of 100 yards was definitely in the danger zone.

The Vermonters at Hubbardton were a very weary, discouraged, demoralized lot of men, but when the British and Hessian infantry came whooping and yelling through the woods, they did not run very far; they took cover Indian fashion; behind trees, they pulled the wooden stoppers from their powder horns, poured a charge down the barrel of their long rifles, knocked up the lid in the breech, took out a circular patch of linen or tow, greased with tallow and cut with a die, wrapped a ball in it; pushed it down the barrel until it rested on the charge of powder; tapped it a couple of times to set the ball in the grooves, cocked the weapon and were ready for battle almost in the matter of seconds. Now powder and lead were scarce in Vermont villages; therefore, the farmers and hunters learned through bitter necessity to make every shot count. Furthermore, it is a well-known fact that the Vermonter fights best when the situation is more or less beyond hope.

On the other hand, the British infantry were equipped with the ancient smooth-bore, large-caliber "Queen Anne" musket carrying a ball weighing approximately an ounce. I had occasion some years ago to look up the manual of arms used in the British Army in the Revolution. It was an interesting experience: to load and fire his clumsy weapon (with a trajectory something like that of a slingshot) the British G.I. had to go through 16 separate and distinct movements under 16 separate commands, before pulling the trigger. No wonder he was no match for the swift-footed Vermonter in his native hills. Furthermore, the lean Vermont farmer was not in the least scared of the Hessian whooping through the woods, equipped like one of King Arthur's knights and carrying sixty pounds of assorted hardware and groceries, even if, as asserted, he had double rows of teeth.

Colonel Warner's force was reduced to seven or eight hundred men after Colonel Hale retreated. Fraser's force outnumbered Warner's two to one, and was the flower of the British army, yet Warner's casualties were only half those of the British. The reason

for this was explained by Ethan Allen in a brief paragraph: "I hear that the British Officers complained," said Ethan, "that the Green Mountain Boys took sight." Had the British troops been taught to do the same, the result might have been different. The British killed and wounded only a little less than those at Bennington.

At the first blast of fire from Warner's men, a major of the British army was killed and twenty-one men of the leading platoon were shot down.

The Americans, following Indian custom, had protected their camp by felling trees and brush.

Great difficulty was experienced in removing the British wounded from Hubbardton, as the only means of transportation were hand-barrows and litters. Wolves came down from the mountains to devour the dead, as at the battle of Saratoga.

Such was the Battle of Hubbardton. It enabled General St. Clair to join General Schuyler at Fort Edward. After the great victory of the Americans at Bennington, the combined armies fell down the Hudson to Saratoga where they defeated the veteran British army and forced its surrender. The victory was won through the dare-devil leadership of Col. Benedict Arnold.

Under the terms of Burgoyne's surrender, the American Congress agreed to send the Hessian troops back to England. This, Congress refused to do—fearing that these German troops would take the place of British garrisons, and these garrison troops would be released for duty in America. These Hessians after the war was over became part of the American way of life; they became loyal, hard-working, efficient citizens of America. They introduced band music into the Colonies.

For a time the Hessian prisoners were confined in barracks at Winchester, Virginia. These old buildings can be seen today. Winchester, however, has other claims to historical recognition. The little city was in a sort of no man's area in our Civil War and changed hands seventy-four times during four years of war. From Winchester a famous cavalry commander started on a famous twenty-mile ride.

Among the Hessian prisoners was an unknown insignificant private named Koester. His name is rescued from oblivion by the fact that he became the grandfather of one of the most able and spectacular cavalry generals of the Civil War. A brigadier general at thirty-two, he fought all through the war; took part in many Indian campaigns after the war and died a hero's death—smoking pistol in hand and surrounded by hordes of galloping Cheyenne warriors—on the battlefield of the Little Big Horn. The general's name was George Armstrong Custer.

From the papers of Capt. John Hall, a great-great-great grandfather of Mrs. Ina White of South Hero (who very kindly allowed me to examine them) we have this vivid, personal description of the battle:

"Sunday, July 6, 1777, when the inhabitants of this frontier town (Hubbardton) were at church in a school house (there was no church in the village) they were surprised by a scouting party of British and Indians and a skirmish took place about ½ mile east of the village. Captain John Hall of the militia received a mortal wound of which he died Aug 6, 1777 in the 55th year of his age."

It is said that Capt. Hall was shot in the leg and while lying helpless on the ground, a British soldier stabbed him with a bayonet. Capt. Hall's sons, Elias and Alpheus, were taken prisoner at the skirmish at Castleton and taken to "Ty," but shortly after that made their escape. Elias was in the battle of Stillwater and witnessed the surrender of Burgoyne. Alpheus Hall settled in South Hero, near the Edward Borinson farm; his son, Lorenzo, is buried in the South Hero Cemetery.

Capt. Hall had settled on a farm of 400 acres in East Hubbardton a mile and a half north of the village. The Indians found the house and I quote: "destroyed and carried off every dollar's worth of property he possessed."

VI

In the spring following the surrender at Saratoga, Sir John Burgoyne was permitted to return to England as a prisoner on parole. As the ship stands out to sea, we can picture the General pacing the forward deck.

In his mind are dark and bitter thoughts; his high hopes, his dreams of success, his military reputation lie in the dust and ashes of defeat: he is going home to face the hostility of his King; the open triumph of his enemies; the pity of his friends, to face an investigation of his campaign by the House of Commons, a campaign ending in complete surrender of a veteran army with a fine train of artillery to a lot of farmers who could not form a straight line on a parade ground. The whole thing was intolerable.

The sea is rough outside the bay; the sun goes down and darkness creeps over the face of the waters. The wind freshens, and the vessel lies over in the quick puffs as she picks up speed.

Burgoyne turns and walks to the stern of the ship, for a last look at the land which had given the death blow to his career.

Above the rugged New England Hills a star appeared—dim at first, in the red afterglow. As it rose higher, it burned with a greater

brilliance, throwing a slender shaft of light across the tumbling waters.

It was the rising Star of Independence!

Drive over the Seth Warner Memorial Highway today: it is full of memories. This is the route of the demoralized, exhausted men who fled from "Ty": seven miles from "Ty" to Orwell; five miles from Orwell to Sudbury; six miles from Sudbury to Hubbardton Village. From the Village the road winds six miles up steep hills, with thick woods on either side. The country appears as wild as in the days of the Revolution. Blackberry blossoms line the narrow roadside; red and white peonies bloom in the dooryards of the little houses.

The battlefield itself is on a high plateau, with steep hills around about, covered with the tender green of early summer. Spread over the field is a Joseph's coat of many colors: red clover, white clover, yellow clover; white daisies; yellow buttercups. ("I sometimes think that never blows so red the Rose as where some buried Caesar bled.") In the distance are the majestic peaks of the Green Mountains—gigantic and ghostlike in the blue haze. It is a typical Vermont summer day, with the wind in the clover, the sweet scented air and the white clouds drifting by.

Near the road stands a granite shaft, with the flag of our Country beside it, swinging slowly in the soft breeze—a shaft sacred to the memory of the men who died on this field, who gave their lives for a dream (a dream only to be realized through long years of blood and tears), the dream of Independence.

Perhaps the good God has covered this field with glowing beauty in honor of the soldiers who sleep here in eternal peace.

Under the wide and starry sky,
There dig my grave
And let me lie.

Never forget that the dust of these brave men who fell in glory on this field, is consecrated dust—consecrated to courage, to loyalty, to sacrifice.

Go to Hubbardton and—*sursum corda*—lift up your hearts in gratitude and devotion to the heroes who died on that hilltop above you, who gave their lives that you and I might have the priceless heritage of this fair land of freedom.

Go to Hubbardton; stand on that battlefield and breathe the very spirit of patriotism!

MARY TYLER'S JOURNAL

By George Floyd Newbrough
Associate Professor of English, Norwich University

Professor Newbrough was one of the editors of Four Plays by Royall Tyler, *published by the Princeton University Press, 1941. He is engaged in preliminary studies, of which the present paper is one, which are designed to prepare the way for a definitive biography of Tyler who is still a dim figure in American literature. Editor.*

A day-to-day "journal" kept by Mary Tyler from 1821 to 1826 reflects vividly certain phases of Vermont life at the time and affords a concrete and often moving account of the last hard days of her then-famous husband, Royall Tyler, a victim of cancer. It is a simple, almost Spartan-like story, told in diary form and extending to one hundred and seventy pages of manuscript,[1] of the battle of a brave woman, with the apparently willing co-operation of every member of her sizable family, against great odds. Here, as in another work of hers, *Grandmother Tyler's Book*, "She sees clearly, feels strongly and tells simply."[2]

The unifying and informing element in these terse notations in the journal is a deep faith, unmistakable throughout but perhaps best characterized by such frequently appearing quotations as the following: "Nevertheless not my will but thine be done"; "The cup that my Father giveth me, shall I not drink it?"; "God is love"; "To die is gain." The predominant subjects are domestic affairs and the declining health of her husband.

Royall Tyler had gained fame as a writer and eminence as a jurist. Born in Boston in 1757 and educated at Harvard College, he achieved distinction in 1787 with the production of his play, *The Contrast*. The first American comedy to be presented professionally, it had successful runs in New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Williamsburg, Charleston, and Boston. His novel, *The Algerine Captive*, published

1 The journal eventually was kept to 1843 and covers some four hundred pages, but the most significant part, discussed in this article, coincides with the last five years of Royall Tyler's life.

2 *Grandmother Tyler's Book*, ed. Frederick Tupper and Helen Tyler Brown, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1925, p. xv.

in 1797, was the first American work of fiction to be reproduced in England. Many other works, including dramas, another novel, essays, and poems, were written throughout a long career as lawyer and judge. He served as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Vermont from 1807 to 1813.

Mary Palmer Tyler gives in what has been entitled *Grandmother Tyler's Book* an extensive account of her life up to the period of her journal. This life was in the main a difficult one. Her early happy days in Germantown, Massachusetts, when her father and grandfather Palmer were prosperous Boston merchants, were brief. Following a sudden failure in business, the family, accustomed to being considered by all "cultured and gentle," were subjected to a "thousand mortifications"; and the womenfolk were forced to "wean themselves of the idea that they must be ladies." Attempts at a boarding house in Boston and farm life at Framingham were more gallant than successful. Mary's marriage to Royall Tyler in 1794, when she was 19 and he 37, was kept secret for two years, apparently because of the opposition of his mother.

Peaceful, contented days in Guilford, Vermont, whither the couple removed in 1796, and in Brattleboro continued until the beginning of the troubles recorded in the journal. One of the editors of *Grandmother Tyler's Book*, written when its author was in her middle eighties, finds the fluent style an "index of a mind and heart at ease"; such a mind and heart are discoverable also in the journal, begun when the author was 46. Mary herself (journal, June 15, 1822) indicates her belief that great trouble may "teach wisdom in every way." Possibly a part of the serenity of the journal derives from early "mortifications."

A Busy Family

Though the Tylers had known better days than those depicted by the journal, they had never wished to live above their neighbors. "Those around us," Royall had told his wife, "will like you all the better for not appearing in any way above them, and I need not tell you that it is love and not mere outward circumstances that will constitute our happiness."[1] In *The Contrast* he had written, "Luxury is the bane of nations." Luxury would lead to idleness—a state of affairs which could bring no blessings to a frontier community. The Tyler family, busy from the first, grew increasingly so as circumstances became more straitened. In the journal the philosophy of

[1] *Grandmother Tyler's Book*, p. 185.

work is preached; it seems to have been practiced in the family, even to the extent of reading and working at the same time.

1822[1]

Jan 4
Baking my minced pies all day—made 26—and six apple pies.

Jan. 11
Very bad cold myself—but worked all I could with the girls—who went away in the afternoon and left me much to do—I do not know when it will be finished unless I feel better—However keep at work—Industry can accomplish much.

Jan. 24
I began making wicks for candles—made some mole candles.

Feb. 14
Began to make Mr. Tyler's shirts—Cut them out, &c &c and made a beginning—but much mending to do—Began to foot a pair of white stockings—just one week since our children went away—Fine sleighing—and fine weather.

April 15
Very busy in the family. . .

April 28
Set up our stove in the back room—very busy day. . .

Dec. 23
Received from Mrs. Hunt some work to do—shirt—began it—and rejoice that thus I have a prospect of earning something in aid of my dear family.[2]

1824

May 13
Planted this morning coffee seeds in a bed in the south west square near the canna bed—where are planted plumb and peach stones—also planted coffee in the borders of the same square. . .

1825

Dec. 29
Began this week to knitt my stocking while reading to my husband. . .

1826

Jan. 25
Finished my third stocking and began another—all knitt while reading to my husband—At intervals of reading have knitt each of the boys a pair of mittens.

1 In this article it has been possible to give only excerpts from the entries in the journal under the dates listed. The original spelling and punctuation have been retained.

2 There were now ten children in the family; the oldest son, Royall, had died in 1813 of typhoid fever while a junior at the University of Vermont.

During the first years in Vermont busy days were supplemented by at least a normal amount of social activities:

"The monotony of our lives was varied and enlivened by the genuine spirit of hospitality inherent, I believe, in all new countries where caste is unknown, and neighbors are neighbors indeed. The winter season witnessed almost weekly a feast at some of the houses within our circle, when the supper table groaned with roast and boiled turkeys, roast goose, oysters in all forms of cookery, ham, tongue, pies, cakes, tea and coffee, and every kind of preserves; and most delicious fruit, pears and apples, grapes, strawberries, and each in their season; and after supper all kinds of rural sports, among the youthful part of the company; (for in those unsophisticated times, parents and children were invited together) and blind man's buff, hunt the slipper and so forth were joined in by all except the very aged. . . . Thus in innocent merriment passed our winters, and every neighbor was eligible as a guest."[1]

Later, however, the moods of depression to which the husband was subject became more frequent. They apparently began in Boston with the break-up of his engagement to Abigail Adams, daughter of John Adams, because of her father's opposition: "After receiving this dismissal, Mr. Tyler left the practice of law and retired to Jamaica Plains to his mother's house where he lived four years without doing any kind of business."[2] Frequent returns of depression may be attributed to his own mother's "disaffection" for Mary Tyler, to business reverses in Vermont resulting in the loss of all his property, and finally to the death of his nineteen-year-old son through typhoid fever: "Such an accumulation of sorrows overwhelmed him, and for three years he steadily refused to be comforted, or attend to any business."[3] Nevertheless, the journal reveals that social exchanges continued with intimate friends during Tyler's last years.

There were frequent "visits," ranging from conventional "calls" to what might appear now to be endurance "sittings." On the latter occasions much tea was consumed, backgammon was played, current affairs and last Sabbath's sermons were analyzed, and of course the ladies did not forget their needles. There were occasional children's parties and young people's balls—duly chaperoned.

Much of this must have been agreeable to the sick man. It may even have recalled to him his youthful days, when, according to Mary, he was a "gay gallant" too socially inclined even to attend properly to business.

1 *Grandmother Tyler's Book*, p. 269.
2 *Grandmother Tyler's Book*, p. 76.
3 *Ibid.*, p. 320.

1822

Jan. 2

Mr. Tyler and myself and little Winship went to Judge Dennisons and spent the day—Saw Mrs. Stuart—Judge Whitney called here in the evening and played backgammon—George & Charles had a party of boys to see them—Mr. Tyler sent the first number, to the newspaper of Blue Laws.

March 7

At work on shirt all the morning—Walked out in the afternoon—called upon several ladies.

March 9

A fine clear cold morning—Mr. Tyler & myself went to Judge Denisons to spend the day—had a very pleasant visit—tolerable sleighing in the morning—but rather bad at night—cold night.

March 18

Very busy all day mending childrens cloaths—till four Oclock in the afternoon when I walked out and called upon our neighbours on the common—Madam's Chase—Ellis—Bobbins & Dickerman—found them all well—read Hume till Judge Whitney and lady called to spend the evening—very glad to see them—Went with Mrs. W— to call on Mrs. Burnham.

March 25

Mr. Stone came here this afternoon and tarried till 9 oclock in the evening.

Economic Sidelights

Set down in detail in the journal are the prices of what are called the "necessaries"—prices that might seem to offer no economic problems for the consumer: for example, a quarter of a beef at $3.25, pork at 4c a pound, apples at 10c a bushel, oysters at 25c a quart, potatoes at 25c a bushel, and board for son Joseph, away at school, at $2 a week. On the other hand, incomes may be judged by daughter Amelia's salary as an experienced instructress at $24 a quarter—as a beginner she drew $12![1]

Apart from the question of the level of prices and income, however, is the fact that the husband's ill health had forced him gradually to give up his law business, as recorded grimly but without murmur in such entries as the following:

1822

Feb. 4

Mr. Tyler still very unwell—Major Houghton came to do business—he was too ill to do it—but did some—which was indispensible.

March 13

Probate Court at Marlboro—traveling so bad Judge W. went alone, owing to Mr. Tylers ill health—which was very kind.

1 Her mother, Mary, had taught a rural school at Framingham, Massachusetts, for half a dollar a week and board (*Grandmother Tyler's Book*, p. 193).

Dec. 23
Judge Whitney called and informed my husband, he had appointed another Register of Probate—Thus another source of income is cut off—O Almighty Father teach us to lean with surer faith on thee—as thus thou seest fit to deprive us of all visible dependence for bread.

Son John, who had many times come to the financial aid of the family, had also met with business reverses in Boston; and the journal contains thereafter more and more entries concerning the worsening economic plight of the family and the courageous efforts made to alleviate it:

1822

May 28
This morning early Major Chase came with the dreadful news that our beloved John has failed in business owing to the extraordinary pressure in mercantile business—O may a merciful God comfort him—His creditors as usual press hard—have taken our chaise &c.

May 31
This night received a letter from John—confirming former accounts—and adding the painful account of his Father Winships misfortunes also—He says he has made over this place to W. A. D. Thus have we lost our pleasant habitation which this dear son has exerted himself so much to procure us—alas—alas—what are the pleasures of this life—Short—and visionary—Support us O God! under this and every dispensation of thy providence!

June 6
Work on Winships cloaths—and prepared some wheat for coffee—Do not like it very well—weather very cold.

June 10
Mr. Tyler went to New Fane Court—Spirits low—purse still lower—only one cent in his pocket—and very little prospect of business—God in mercy remember thy servants and help us in this time of trouble—After my husband was gone, I took up carpets, &c &c.

July 4
Independence Day—How different our prospects and feelings from those of the last year—Then my beloved John & his wife—and dear William were here—all in fine spirits—business prosperous and all seemed happy—Now—but let us not murmur—It is the Lords doing—and forever blessed be his name—He will do all for our best interest.

1824

Nov. 5
This day by the advice of my husband I went to Mr. Hall and traded away our chaise for a cooking stove.

Donations

Fortunately, the children and friends came to the rescue. The many gifts received by the Tylers from friends in this period of

distress are not only an indication of the esteem in which the family was held but also a sign of the time and place.

Although Mary acknowledges that her husband "had somehow acquired a character of eccentricity"[1] and was moody at times, he seems to have won many friends and admirers: "A more kind, good-hearted, friendly people never lived than they all [at Guilford] proved to be, because they were so much attached to your father."[2] An editor of the Brattleboro *Chronicler* writes somewhat glowingly: "Their first coming to the high hill overlooking the whole town seems to us as the morning dawn of intellectual life in this region or the beginning of an Elizabethan age in Brattleboro."[3]

Upon the arrival of the Tylers, Guilford, although the largest town in the state, with a population of 2,432, was "then considered the outskirts of creation by many."[4] Life was quieter still at Brattleboro: "For all we live down, or rather up a lane, you will scarcely see three persons pass in as many days."[5] In such surroundings the counterparts to modern forms of insurance were donations from friends and neighbors, which had at least the advantage of the personal element, capable of drawing response from full, grateful hearts.

1822

March 30
This day at 3 oclock in the afternoon our children arrived in health and safety [from Boston] in the new chaise and loaded with good things—oranges and sugar plumbs for the children and 44 yards of shirting for the family—muslin gowns for M and A and silk one for myself—all from our own dear [son] John, whom may our infinitely good God bless, here and hereafter, for his goodness to us!

1823

Feb. 7
By this nights mail received letter containing five dollars from John—another from Sophia with $10—and one anonymous with five—thus God provides for us!

Feb. 10
Again received cash in letter from some unknown friend.

Sept. 12
Judge Dennison called and says our friends at New Fane at the instance of Mr. Green contributed fifty dollars for our relief—May God reward all concerned in this act of benevolence.

1 *Grandmother Tyler's Book*, p. 207.
2 *Ibid.*, p. 237.
3 *Ibid.*, p. xvii.
4 *Grandmother Tyler's Book*, p. 151.
5 *Ibid.*, p. 281.

Oct. 30
In the evening Mr. Bourke brought letters from John informing that Mr. Baury had obtained from a friend the promise of 1 hundred dollars—fifty now—and fifty in the winter—God be praised for this seasonable relief.

Dec. 2
Mrs. Fessenden sent us a fine Turkey—some butter & rice—Thus has a mercyful God provided us necessaries for the coming festival by opening the heart of this excellent woman—May we indeed be thankful.

Dec. 3
Madam Boot sent us a fine goose & turkey—more providential supplys.

1824

March 13
This morning I received a letter from my dear friend Mr. Baury enclosing 30 dollars, a donation to my husband from his friend Dr. Dexter of Boston and in the afternoon a present from Mrs. J. F. of rice, eggs—&c &c—thus has this week been crowned with the special mercies of God.

Nov. 10
Pleasant day—finished shirt—carried it home—Mrs. Fessenden by her kind and sympathetic conduct drew tears from my full heart—May God bless her here & hereafter—this evening she sent me coffee—sugar & butter & rice.

Reading

Reading aloud proceeded constantly. It was Tyler's habit to participate, but as his health grew worse, he could only be read to, finally by lamp or candle light, with the shades drawn, as cancer attacked his eye and even affected the bone. Mary lists the following works as being among those read, most of them aloud:

The Bible
Narmer's Observations
"A new novel, *Valerius*"
Cooper's The Pirate
Hume
Boston newspapers
Weems' Life of Washington
Scott's Quentin Durward
Hogg's Perils of Women
Maria Edgeworth's The Absentee
New Covering to the Velvet Cushing
    "Poor thing"
Davis' Louisiana
    "Worse yet"
Sass's Italy
Brackenridge's South America
Robinson's Mexican Revolution
Mrs. Opie's New Tales

Life of Benvenuto Cellini
"A striking picture of the manners of the age"
Balfour's Inquiry
"If he is right, the world has been awfully mistaken eighteen hundred years."
Madam DeGenli's Memoirs
Dr. Aikin's Memoirs
Book of the Church
Captain Hall's South America
Byron's Vampire
Byron's The Fortunes of Nigel
Josephus' History of the Jews

Writing

Royall Tyler's writing days were practically over before the period of Mary's journal, but one important novel, *The Algerine Captive*, was thoroughly revised; another long work, *The Bay Boy*, partially autobiographical, was finished; and various short pieces were composed, some of them evidently left incomplete or finally abandoned:

1822

June 3
My dear husband seems anew inspired by the muses since his overwhelming affliction for his dear son [who had failed in business in Boston]—He has written several beautiful little poems—I thank thee O Father of Mercies! that thou thus graciously tempers the wind to the shorn lamb—thus mercifully enablest the tender husband and fond father to submit with true Christian fortitude and resignation to thy will—altho trembling with anxiety for those so dear to him!

1824

Nov. 13
This day my husband wrote the first slate full of the New Edition of the *Algerine Captive*.

Nov. 17
This day cleared off fair, and my husband is better—Wrote several pages of the *Captive*.

Dec. 10
Writing—Got more than 100 pages.

Dec. 14
My husband began writing a drama for Miss Peck's school—called *Five Pumpkins*.

1825

April 19
Mr. Williston set out for New York and carried with him the manuscript of *Uteli Dalu*, a collection of drama fables, tales &c &c. Designed for the use of children and youth—Directed to Williams care to get published on the best terms he can.

April 22
Began copying *Bay Boy* for the press.

Medicine

The following entries give some idea of the state of medicine at the beginning of the nineteenth century as well as of the heroic efforts made by the Tyler family to meet a desperate situation:

1821

Dec. 14
Georges knee no better—Copperas curd does not suit it—Put on poultice of wheat bread.

Dec. 18
Dr. Fitch called to see Amelia—Thinks it is the rhumatism—Bled her—and recommended blistering—and physic.

1822

March 13
Dr. Fitch called yesterday and altered the dressing on my husbands eye—advising to omit the copperas curd a few days.

March 15
Dr. Fitch called again this day—thinks best not to apply the curd any more—thinks it too caustic—Says the disease has begun to affect the bone!

April 4
Dr. Fitch & Lady drank tea with us—brought little chorisand.

1823

May 16
At Dr. Robbins's we had a large party—the Dr. wished me to try yellow dock root for Mr. Tylers eye—as the carrot seems to lose its efficacy in some degree—We think to try this new application.

July 8
Applied poke berry salve to my husbands eye.

July 9
When we returned found my husband very ill with pain in his head—thinks the new application hurtful—applied copperas curd—and dock root poultice.

July 17
My husband worse—put his feet in water—put on poke leaves wilted—found some ease—took laudanum—Dr. Fitch came with his lady—Says he has seen many more who have got about again.

July 27
Gave Mr. Tyler an emetic—very ill—medicine did not operate kindly . . . He took some opium and went to bed about half past eleven.

August 30
My husband very ill this day—took between seventy & eighty drops of laudanum in course of the day—and at length got some ease.

1826

June 8
Amelia ill all last night with tooth ache—and still is so—Went up to Mr. Warner to have it steamed with his medicated steam—did no good.

July 1
My husband took dose of rhubarb and colomel preparatory to taking juice of chivers as recommended in newspaper for cancer. May God command his blessing.

July 14
My husband very unwell—Dr. Dickerman recommended rhubarb & magnesia—he took one dose this night—Quite sick all the evening—did not get to bed till 2 oclock—Charles' ducks began to hatch.

July 16
My husband very sick today—no apetite—took egg beat up with a little wine—sat very well—I did not leave him today.

July 20
This day as a last resort my afflicted husband consented after much persuasion to try injections, which relieved him but kept him uneasy and restless the chief of the night.

Increasing Gloom—Thy Will Be Done

The first entry by Mary Tyler in her journal (December 2, 1821) mentions her husband's bad cold, and very soon she writes, "I greatly fear he will not be able to go thro' the fatigues of Court—May God bless and support him!" It is as if she saw her writer-husband at the end of his active career and felt, perhaps only vaguely, that she should carry on in some fashion—if only by a daily journal.

A certain gravity, together with the apparently studied restraint and vagueness throughout the first half of her references to Royall's ill health may arise from her own awareness of his incurable disease and her cautious unwillingness to write even in her private journal the word *cancer*. Only once does the word occur in reference to his trouble, and then only when he, it seems clear, has been told and a Dr. Griswold has been employed to try his special remedy. As the end approaches, the factual lines of the journal do not fail to convey a sense of the increasing gloom in the family.

In these closing entries, however, the writer reveals with clarity the nature of her faith. A member of the Episcopal Church, she had in previous notations indicated her joy in its services and now and then her belief in certain doctrines:

1823

May 11
Went to meeting here—Communion Day—Every time I join in this solemn

festival in this place it serves more & more to confirm me in my attachment to the forms of the Episcopal Church.

1824

April 1
Mrs. Elliot & Mrs. Burnham called—had a dispute about infant baptism—the ladies neither of them think it right—I do—and would not relinquish the blessed recollection that I have solemnly dedicated all my beloved children to their Redeemer in that sacred ordinance for any worldly consideration.

Such entries are always merely conclusive statements of the writer's position and show a disinclination, notable even in a diary, to deal with arguable issues. She can record without rejoinder, for instance, the fact that son Joseph has failed in an application because, it is charged, he is not "a professor of religion." Hers is obviously not a philosophical religion—and would not have been with any other church affiliation.

Stay and comfort are achieved instead by referring all spiritual dilemmas to the heart. There she seems to find reasons which the mind knows not of and which she prefers to any pale cast of thought.

She feels in her heart that all men are "poor short sighted creatures"; that on earth "we have no resting place—no continuing city"; that "the pleasures of this life [are] short and visionary." She believes, too, deep within her heart that whatever occurs "is the Lords doing . . . he will do all for our best interest." Failures in schools or business, therefore, are lamentable but not of ultimate significance; and even fatal disease is only temporary agony to be borne without murmur, for "To die is gain."

For her, it had all been settled long before. When nineteen years of age and possessed of "painful doubt," she had a "vision in a dream." Pursued by howling beasts across an almost interminable field, she had come to a dreadful precipice.

"At this fearful moment I thought a powerful arm encircled my waist, and a voice said, 'Lean on me and I will save you!' I did so, and looking up to His face who spoke, I saw a brilliant glory, like the sun, encircled His head; and, as He supported my weary frame, the storm ceased, the howling of the beasts was heard no more. . . . The glorious vision . . . dispersed every doubt . . . and retained an influence over my mind . . . through all the changes and trials of this mortal life."[1]

Mary Tyler's journal begins and goes forward with "a mind and

[1] *Grandmother Tyler's Book*, p. 215.

heart at ease" and evinces at the end of five years of trial a sure sense of triumph over circumstances:

1822

March 15
May a merciful God be with us and give us grace to bear all his wise dispensations.

March 19
Almighty God protect this dear son from the threatened evil [business failure] if consistent with thy will—"Nevertheless not my will but thine be done"—Thou only knowest what is best for us—In thee have we ever trusted—O never let us be confounded—Very pleasant weather.

June 16
Mr. Faggert preached. I did not attend divine service being much fatigued and wishing to write letters—If I did wrong may God forgive me—Received letter from dear William informing us that my poor brother too has failed—Almighty God have mercy on us and bless all these thy dispensations to our best interest and may we all be convinced that altho no "sorrow or affliction for the present is joyous but grievous yet if it yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness" we ought to bless the hand that chastens. Wrote this day to Salem, Boston & New York.

July 4
. . . . but let us not murmur—It is the Lords doing—and forever blessed be his name, he will do all for our best interest.

1826

Aug. 26
. . . On Wednesday the 16th my husband was released from his sufferings. . . . My husband died with perfect composure and resignation and surely he passed from Death unto Life! . . . May I be enabled to do my duty in my new situation.

* * *

NOTES ON MEDICAL TERMS

Page 29—"rhubarb" is a reference to rheum, a species of Chinese rhubarb, used as a carthartic.

The disease can be diagnosed as *melanosarcoma*, tumor of the choriod layer of the eye.

Dr. Gordon N. French
The Green Mountain Clinic
Northfield, Vermont

A VERMONT SKETCHBOOK

1. TOWN MEETING A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

by FRANCES STOCKWELL LOVELL

In March, Vermont's annual town meeting will enliven an unpredictable month—in terms of weather. Often called the most democratic institution in America, the Vermont gathering is really a meeting of minds where every man can have his "say." Here is a glimpse of such meetings long ago. Editor.

Town meetings are a prescribed form of American government. They started in New England where the country started. They spread west as the country spread. Our March meeting today is a highly organized affair, in the Armory or the Town Hall with Australian ballots, and no one is on speaking terms with his neighbor for a few constrained moments while he votes his secret vote! Then comes the time when the polls are closed and discussion runs high and rampant with men shouting at each other across the floor and the moderator banging his gavel as new bridges are argued, tax-free industries, or whether the listers shall have more money or less.

A hundred years ago March meeting was a primitive thing, and while argument probably ran as hot and high, the offices for which citizens voted sound strange to us today. The first meetings were held in someone's log cabin and later at the local inn or "Meeting-house, at four oClock in the after Noon." Sometimes it was six o'clock and sometimes two, whichever was more convenient.

Among the pertinent questions of the day in 1776 was smallpox, a fearful plague at that time. Frightened by the new procedure of inoculation, the people firmly voted in Rockingham, Vt., "Not to have the Small Pox set up here by anocklation at present." One harassed doctor, begging to inoculate and isolate afflicted persons, had to give bonds "for his Good Conduct In the affare." Then fear got the best of them again, and they voted, two months later, "that the Small Pox be not Brought Into this town by Inoculation Nor any Other way if possible Can be prevented." But eventually there were pest houses set back in the woods, far removed from any habitation, a lonely exile whether you lived or died!

Among the officers voted in and out, at those early meetings, first called proprietors' meetings, were tything men, field-drivers, pound-keepers, deer-reaves and hog-reaves, all of which were necessary offices before 1800. Tything men were an important part of these early towns and had more to do than keep small boys out of mischief during Meeting or to waken too ardent snorers with their five-foot crooked staffs! They also inspected the taverns and kept a watchful eye out for suspicious strangers who came to town! They stopped travelers on the highway, of a Sunday, to determine if their travel was necessary and why they weren't at church! They were a sort of general police and could arrest without a warrant at anytime. Most towns employed two tything men, one in each section of the community, and they evidently were the germ of our police force today.

The poundkeeper and field-driver were practically the same; they herded stray animals from the road into the pound and collected a stipulated sum from the owner before he could collect his livestock. Since all unimproved land was common ground and some improved land was unfenced, much controversy arose between irate citizens and the poundkeeper as to whether the animals were on or off their own property! A keeper of the pound could, if of low caliber, take advantage of his job—and his neighbors—to earn a decent wage! And each town had its pound, a fenced lot where stray animals were herded until redeemed! Many a wrathy farmer must have stormed the pound, come night, with his "neat" cattle not in the barn!

Perhaps the old office of deer-reave might be a good choice today when the town fathers are chalking up their slate of officers for the coming year! It was their chore, although probably a despised one, to inform on anyone killing deer out of season. There was a long open season, from August to January or from December to June, which decimated the herds although it was probably a necessary meat supply for many a pioneer family, especially in the winter when the meat could be frozen.

Hog-reaves concentrated all their attention on the town swine which often ran at large, "properly yoked and ringed," and sometimes, without any restriction at all! Evidently people occasionally got tired of pigs under their feet in the streets, for they sometimes voted that they be "shut up as by law." Yoked and ringed, the scavengering swine could neither get through a fence into someone's garden nor root up the earth.

Another important office which, while not voted on in town meeting, carried a certain amount of prestige, was that of sexton at the

Meetinghouse. This was struck off to the lowest bidder. It was actually bidding off the key to the Meetinghouse, which was the House of God also, so sacred an office that it required bonds to hold the position. In 1803, the key to the Rockingham, Vt., Meetinghouse was struck off to one James Marsh for the princely sum of $2.50 a year—and for that sum, Mr. Marsh had duties aplenty. His was the responsibility of unlocking and locking the Town House for each Sunday and any public meetings, for the Meetinghouse was a community building. If he slipped on his chores, he was fined four cents each time. He was also under contract to sweep the place out four times a year—or forfeit fifty cents each time he reneged! He would have to be a conscientious man to make money on his job, but he held an honored position in the town and the money was a small part of it.

Towns voted to build horsesheds near the church, as they did in Chesterfield, N. H., in 1780. The same town, in 1864, voted to authorize the selectmen to pay any citizen of the town, who had lived there three months, the sum of $500 if he would enlist in the services of his country for a year. If he signed up for two years he could collect $700, and they also had a special bargain rate of $900 for three years.

Public buildings were voted in or out as far back as 1773 when the little town of Rockingham, Vt., voted to "Raise forty pounds York money to Defray the Charges of Building a meeting house"; and the next year it voted that "the trustees find four Gallonds of Rum to Raise and frame said house." In order to encourage the building of a sawmill, an urgent item in town life, land was sometimes voted to a man who would build such a mill on a convenient brook. Evidently still trying to keep their fingers out of the fire which was started that disastrous night in Westminster, Vt., in March, 1775, Rockingham, in December of that year, at a meeting held at the log cabin inn of Jehiel Webb, voted "Not to Send any Diligates to New York or Westminster."

Such were some of the old town meetings when our country was struggling to its feet, meetings when such things as hogs and small pox were vital items on the agenda of the day.

2. CURE-ALLS OF THE PAST *by* MARION B. LAWRENCE

As we recall a Grandmother's remedies, largely culled from her medicinal garden, there was a cure in most of them, even if accompanied by a certain amount of internal violence and odiferous and lingual factors that seemed, at the time, worse than the distempers—and other ailments they sought to cure. But, who knows? We may turn back to them, or some of them, one of these days. Editor.

In the Blood family of Stamford, Vt., the knowledge of wild herbs and their medicinal properties has passed along the female line from generation to generation. "You go to Halifax" was an expression translated literally by my ancestors to mean "go back home" or "go back over the mountain," for great grandmother Barbara Swan came as a bride to Stamford from Halifax, Vermont, in 1845.

Tucked away in her little trunk which she had stowed behind the jolting buckboard of the wagon which bore her over the mountain along the old Fort Dummer to Fort Massachusetts road were two books which gave evidence of her serious misgivings upon entering the state of matrimony. One book was a family Bible complete with "tree" and the other a leather-bound volume rich in its lore of wild herbs and their medicinal properties.

It was no wonder "Barbry" held fast to the latter as she was third wife of great grandpa Dexter Blood. First wife Betsy had faded several years before with consumption, and second wife Julia had died a few years later in childbirth.

Those were the years of turmoil before the Civil War. It was the time when people "ate it up, wore it out and made it do." Doctors and midwives were few and far between.

Above the fireplace was a sampler stitched hopefully to read "The Lord will Provide." From the page of "Barbry's" book we find the following:

The Great Jehovah has abundantly furnished the human family with vegetable remedies, which experience has successfully demonstrated to be perfectly compatible with the natural operations of the vital economy, and unequalled in their curative influence. Those invaluable blessings from God to man, grow spontaneously in almost every part of this wide spread continent, presenting to the reflecting and intelligent mind a vast amount of incontrovertible evidence in favor of the existence of an infinitely wise and heavenly Benefactor, who has graciously and benevolently bestowed those invaluable gifts upon mortal man. Look upon the mountain top, the hill side, or along the margin of some mighty stream, which resistlessly pervades this terraqueous globe on which we dwell, and you behold with every repeated

glance of the opthalmic organs, those blooming plants so richly bestowed by an all-wise Providence.

Barbara became wise in her knowledge of plant life. Clivers, balm of Gilead buds, and sweet fern burrs from the banks of the North Branch of the Hoosic River were simmered for cooling ointments; boneset, elder blow, blue-eyed lobelia, and tall pink queen of the meadow gathered from the intervale meadows were steeped for strengthening teas. Then there were mullen, scullcap, gentian, and lady slipper from the sandy uplands, and wild ginger and crinkle root from the woodsy hollows.

In 1850, cholera laid its black and frightful hand upon the valley. From the letters of Dea Banjamin Cook (neighbor of the Bloods, whose granddaughter later became my grandmother) we find the following written to his daughter, Abigail Ames, who had gone West:

Stamford, Oct. 7, 1850—It has been very sickly in the village—Choleraic Fever—up to Mr. Witman's where Horris Joy lived Miss Whitman taken "pukin and purgin." I understand she sed when she was taken she should not live But eight dayes she died the eighth day. Mr. Witman was taken down about same time he lived some dayes after she died and he died one Sunday taken sick all alike sick at once consisted of all the family at home though some got well Witmans daughter lived down Below in log house hir boy was taken sick. . . .

John Blood, brother of Dexter, lost two small children during this time.

Grandma Barbara brewed a cordial for the needy from green peppermint, rhubarb and brandy.

In November of 1859, great grandpa Blood was serving a second term in the General Assembly at Montpelier. Baby Jessie Relief was taken sick with fever. Grandma tried potions of elder and boneset. Even though rocked in the home-carved cradle handed down by Dexter's mother, Polly Edwards Blood, who had come to Stamford after her marriage in Charlton, Mass., in 1800, the baby grew steadily worse.

Great Grandma sent for Grandpa at Montpelier. The Honorable Dexter started home over the new Montpelier to Burlington, Burlington to Rutland and Rutland to Bennington Railroads. Then he traveled by team over the County Road from Pownal to Stamford, but he did not make the trip (longest even now for any Vermont legislator) in time to see his daughter alive.

My grandmother Francelia Ames, daughter-in-law of Barbara, came to Stamford to the home of her grandfather, Dea Benjamin

Cook, in 1870. She married the son of Dexter and Barbara Blood. She was my link with the early days of Stamford; for, coached by great-grandmother Barbry and possessing a natural curiosity concerning "what grew," she became an apt student of the woods and fields. She was a determined forthright person of purpose and practised her remedies on my mother's brood of six children, of which I was the eldest.

As a child I tramped the woods and fields with "Nana." She was never miserly with her knowledge but gave freely and unstintingly. She answered my questions and enjoyed my companionship.

Crinkle-root sandwiches in spring! I can taste them still. In memory I can feel the sticky buds of the balm of Gilead and smell the fresh scent of the elder blow. Springtimes were punctuated by boneset tea almost as disagreeable to take as the proverbial sulphur and molasses. When we whooped with whooping cough, it was an infusion of mullen that was prescribed.

One of my cousins will never tire telling how as a child I would say, pointing to the blue-eyed blossoms, "That's lobelia—will make you 'throw up'—and that's elder—good for 'consipation'."

I thought Blood Root was named for my family.

In school the lore of wild herbs often stood me in good stead. It furnished wonderful material for essays and stories. I was even laughingly dubbed by my classmates as "the female John Burroughs."

The time of using wild herbs in the green vegetable state passed with the lye leach and the hitching post, but their life-giving properties still exist. Here are some special remedies:

1. *Meadow Fern Ointment*—Take of meadow fern leaves, and balm of gilead buds, well-bruised, or pounded, each three ounces, fresh lard a pound. Moisten with water, and simmer them in the lard, over a slow fire, until they become glutinous, which will be in three or four hours. Then add the meadow fern burs, also moisten with water, and continue the simmering until the strength is extracted.

2. *Diuretic Tea*—Take of queen of the meadow and juniper berries, equal parts, make a strong tea and drink freely. Useful in diseases of the urinary organs.

3. *Boneset Tea*—Take of the leaves and flowers, ½ oz.; boiling water, 1 pt. Infuse in a covered vessel for fifteen minutes. Use. This forms an excellent drink for coughs, colds, hoarseness, ague and fever, colic, etc. If drunk warm, strong and freely, it will produce emesis

and perspiration. If used cold, it is an excellent tonic and laxative, very useful in obstinate constipation.

4. *Infusion of Elder Flowers*—Take of elder flowers, ½ oz.; hot water, ½ pt.; loaf sugar, 1 table spoonful. This tea is very serviceable in the treatment of diseases common to children, such as bowel complaints, colics, costiveness, etc.

5. *Neutralizing Cordial, or Mixture*—Take of green peppermint, 2 lbs. Simmer it in one gallon of water; and take of Turkish rhubarb, ½ lb. Simmer in one gallon of water, till the strength is extracted; then strain, and add these two liquids together, and add four ounces of saleratus, and seven pounds of loaf sugar. Then boil it a few moments, and add half a pint of brandy. Use. This is an invaluable remedy in cholera morbus, dysentery, and diarrhoea. It is administered in every stage of these diseases with the best effects. It is anti-acid, anti-dysenteria, etc. "Beach's American Practice."

6. *Extract of Gentian*—This is made by boiling a large quantity of the fresh article, and then reducing to the proper consistence which is like thick molasses. This is a useful ingredient in tonic pills. It enters into the composition of our anti-dyspeptic pills.

COMMON HERBS AND THEIR MEDICINAL PROPERTIES

From Wilkinson's *Family Medical Practice*—1845

Name of Herb	*Medicinal Properties*
Milk Weed	Diuretic, Sudorific, Emmenagogue
Wild Ginger	Aromatic, Diaphoretic, Stimulant
Clat Burr	Cutaneous affections
Ladies Slipper	Nervine and antispasmodic properties
Solomon Seal	Astringent
Gold Thread	Debility and indigestion
Boneset	Expectorant, emetic, cathartic, diuretic, tonic
Queen of the Meadow	Diuretic
Clivers	Gravelly complaints
Dandelion	Hepatic, tonic, anti-spasmodic, expectorant
Lobelia	Emetic, relaxant, diffusive, stimulant
Wood Sorrel	Anti-septic, caustic, acid
Blood Root	Detergent, laxative, emetic, sudorific
Tansy	Tonic, worms
Mullen	Relaxant, anti-spasmodic, pectoral

3. THE ABDUCTION OF ALLEN T. RICE *by* MILDRED B. HAYES

Vermonters, after the days of Ethan Allen and the Yorkers, have not been in the habit of kidnapping, but Massachusetts furnished the kidnappers in this story told by the author. Her version adds new items to an ever-fascinating tale. Editor.

One of my pleasantest childhood memories was of my grandmother telling me stories. I was fascinated with stories of negroes getting across the line into Canada, of tramps, and the coming of the railroad. Of all the stories which she told me, by far the most exciting was how my great Uncle John Kelley aided in the kidnapping of Allen Thorndike Rice.

I shall try to tell the facts as she told them to me, and as Cousin James Kelley, son of Uncle John, retold the story to our family in 1930. He was then a man over eighty years old. He was very anxious to have someone know the exact facts; therefore, my mother wrote them as he told it. This account will differ some from the accounts published in the Boston and New York papers at that time and from some local accounts also.

Uncle John was a merchant here in Derby at this time and took in all the produce from the farms in this section. He made frequent trips to Boston, by team, over the Old Post Road. On these trips he took the surplus commodities which he had collected and brought back products which were not produced here. He was the largest dealer in hops of anyone in this locality; he was in direct contact with agents in Germany, and the amount he bought and the prices he paid depended almost entirely on conditions in Germany.

We will learn more about this later. The story of Allen Thorndike Rice is laid in Boston in the year 1860. He was the son of Henry G. Rice of Baltimore and Mrs. Rice who was a Bostonian. Her people were very wealthy and lived on Pemberton Square.

Mr. Rice was a gambler and used Mrs. Rice's money for this purpose. This marriage was soon broken and a divorce obtained by Mrs. Rice. The son was given to Mr. Rice, and he put him in a school in Nahant, Mass., and had a negro care for him.

Mrs. Rice was of German descent, her maiden name being Thorndike. She was a tall, energetic, strong-minded woman, and passionately fond of Allen, her only child. Her attempts to get possession of her son were further prompted by the character of his father. Mr. Rice thought that he had the boy so well placed and looked after that it would be impossible for his mother to get in contact with him, but

this did not prove to be the case. She saw the boy and made plans with him for his escape. She told him that when a man with a red handkerchief called for him at the school that he was to go with him. This was accomplished, and they were met by a man driving a team who had been waiting for them. The first eighteen miles they drove as fast as possible, then made their way more slowly to Stanstead, Que. They felt that for the time being they would be safe in Canada.

While the men with the boy were driving to Stanstead, Mrs. Rice was also on her way there. She had expected that arrangements had been made for them to live in a private home, but that was not the case, and they had to live at the hotel. She now called the boy Charles, instead of Allen, and he was dressed in girls' clothes as a disguise. He was now about nine years old.

As soon as Mr. Rice learned that his son had been kidnapped, he hired detectives, and it was said that "Telegrams were flying in all directions," and in a few days he became satisfied that they had taken a northern direction and that Canada was their destination, and he was determined to spare no money to recapture his boy. "Two things were against him, the boy wanted to be with his mother, and she had plenty of friends."

A five-hundred dollar reward was offered to anyone who would deliver the boy, or for any information of his whereabouts that would lead to his recovery. I am fortunate in having one of the original warrants in my possession. Mr. Sheafe was the sheriff at that time.

Mrs. Rice was not satisfied with their living conditions at Stanstead and wrote to some of her friends in Boston asking their advice. One person to whom she wrote was a Mr. Dwight. He was a business friend of Uncle John, and he wrote Uncle John telling him the whole story and asking his help.

Mrs. Rice also got in touch with Uncle John, and after telling him all she had been through, she ended by saying, "After all this I am not going to let that boy go to Mr. Rice. If he goes, he goes over my dead body. I want you to do the best you can for us."

Uncle John admired her courage and said he would help her because he felt that she was in the right. It was not possible for Uncle John to have them at his home because it was right in the village and near his store where there would be too much danger of being detected. He made arrangements with Uncle Daniel, his older brother, who lived about a mile and a half south of Derby, right on the northern edge of what was then Salem, to keep Mrs. Rice and her son for a time.

The next day, Uncle Daniel went to Stanstead with an express wagon and team and brought them to his home. This was on a Saturday night, and apparently no one knew of this move. But very soon "the air became full of rumors." There was a telegraph station at Uncle John's store, and a few days later he overheard messages passing between detectives who were on the trail, that Stanstead or Derby was their destination. Strangers were soon seen in town and proved to be detectives. Residents in both Derby and Derby Line were aiding in the search, and I suppose hoping for the reward. It was getting pretty hot, and Uncle John knew that Mrs. Rice and Charles were not safe at Uncle Daniel's. He had been suspected of being the principal person in this affair, and he knew that he was being watched.

He wanted to get to Uncle Daniel's without being seen; so he took his team and buggy which had a leather boot and got some friend to drive for him. He crawled under the boot, and in this way got to Uncle Daniel's. Here he met Mrs. Rice and her son, gave them blankets and food, and with a younger brother, William, took them into the woods and left them in the care of Uncle William, and he returned to Derby.

In the meantime, Mr. Rice had come, and the next day Uncle John's house was besieged with detectives, and Mr. Rice was there, too. They were sure they were on the right track, but they did not find the boy.

The mother and boy were still in the woods; matters were getting desperate; and another move must be made, where to go they knew not. Uncle John was puzzled, and he had no definite plan in mind. Mrs. Rice was never discouraged, and her son shared her optimism.

Uncle John went to the woods where they were hiding, and after discussing plans with Mrs. Rice, Uncle William carried the boy on his shoulder over the rough places and through the low wet land, and Mrs. Rice and Uncle John worked their way along as best they could. They emerged from the woods into the hollow back of the William Hopkinson farm on the road to Brownington, the Old Post Road. Here they worked their way along to and across the road near the foot of the hill north of the Hopkinsons and on to the top of the hill just south of the Alvin Robbins farm, now owned by Mr. Robillard.

Uncle John left the party by a butternut tree and went to consult Mr. Robbins about concealing the boy and his mother in his home. At first, Mr. Robbins did not feel that he could do it, but after much persuasion he consented. While Uncle John and Mrs. Rice and her

son were making their way through the woods, they heard voices and they hid behind a pile of hemlock bark. The voices proved to be the voices of the detectives going in the direction of Uncle Daniel's. Just as they were near the pile of bark, the moon went under a cloud, and the escaping party was saved.

At Mr. Robbins's, the boy and his mother were given the northeast room where one could see half a mile on the road northerly toward the village, so that if any suspicious person was seen coming, they could hide in a hole which had been prepared for them.

In the northeast corner of this room an opening had been made about four feet long and two feet wide. There was no cellar under this part of the house, but Mr. Robbins dug a hole deep enough for Mrs. Rice and her son to sit in. Straw was put into the hole to make it more comfortable. The cover and carpet were cut so that they could be lifted at a moment's notice.

When anyone called at the house, Mrs. Rice and Charles vanished into the hole and sat there until the visitor had gone.

While they were at Mr. Robbins's, the detectives began to suspect that they were here; and in order to convince them that they were not watching the right house, they (Mr. and Mrs. Robbins) had a party for the hop pickers. Friends were also invited. The whole house was open. This completely deceived the detectives and they left.

When it was necessary for them to get word of plans to Mrs. Rice, someone in the family would feign sickness, and Dr. Carpenter would be called, and then he would carry the message either to Mrs. Rice or Uncle John as the case might be.

Once, in order to throw the detectives off the track, Henry Tinker, a clerk in Uncle John's store, dressed as a woman, started with Dr. Carpenter out east. At the farm of A. P. Niles, about a mile and a half from the village, he stopped quickly, put his team in Mr. Niles' barn, and the detectives who were following them never suspected that they had stopped on the way, and they drove on to Island Pond. The next morning, Dr. Carpenter harnessed his horse, threw a pail of cold water over his horse, and then drove as rapidly as possible into Derby village. His horse was steaming and white with lather, and again they fooled the detectives.

Mrs. Rice had been in Derby a month. Although the detectives had all returned to Boston and Mr. Rice with them, they knew that great care must still be taken to conceal them.

In the meantime, arrangements had been going on to get passage on a vessel to Europe. To this end she put Uncle John in communica-

tion with her friends in Boston. In a few days he received a letter directing him to go to a nearby town where two men would be sent to meet him and make future plans. He met them, and all arrangements were made to get the boy and his mother to the Maine coast.

The next day Dr. Carpenter started out as if on his usual round of calls. He picked up Charles Rice and with him drove across the country to a railroad station, and delivered him to one of Mrs. Rice's Boston friends who had come to take him to Biddeford, Maine.

Meanwhile, Uncle John had picked up Mrs. Rice at a nearby town where a neighbor had carried her, and she also caught the train for Biddeford just eight hours after her son. A schooner was waiting for them at Biddeford. The schooner sailed south, intercepted an ocean vessel at Hampton Roads, and so they reached England.

When Mrs. Rice felt it was safe, she wrote many letters to Uncle John and Aunt Melina, also to Mr. and Mrs. Robbins, expressing her deep appreciation for the help which they had given to her.

In these letters she told of their journey to England and thence to Germany where Charles was educated. He had a tutor, and some time later the tutor and Mrs. Rice were married. The son lived for fifteen years in Europe. He was graduated from Oxford, and then returned to the U. S. He became a journalist and later editor of the *North American Review*. He was very active in politics and was a very able and distinguished man. In 1888, he was appointed Minister to Russia but died suddenly in the prime of life.

As I said in the first part of this article, Uncle John dealt heavily in hops. A few years after he helped Allen Thorndike Rice escape, he had word from the agents in Germany that the hop crop in Germany was a failure, as a result of dry weather, and for him to buy all the hops possible. He did this; then they had rain in Germany. The hops came on, and the market was flooded with them. Uncle John lost everything he had in the world except one pair of horses. He was past middle life, with his business gone, with no home and with no money.

Mrs. Rice gave him five hundred dollars for his help to her, also the horse which they had driven from Boston but which was spoiled as a driving-horse, and Uncle John gave her to my grandfather, his youngest brother, to use on the farm. At this time, Mrs. Rice also said, "If at any time and for any reason you ever need anything, I will gladly give you anything I possess for your great help and kindness to me."

Close friends, without Uncle John's knowledge wrote to Allen

Rice, who was then a very influential and wealthy man, and enclosed the letter from his mother, in which she had said, "If I had a million dollars, I could not pay you for what you have done for me. I want you to promise me on your word of honor, to come to me if you ever get into trouble. I don't care what your trouble may be, I will never refuse to help you if you need help." These friends asked that $10,000 be put in a deposit of trust, the income to go to Uncle John's support and the principal to revert to Mr. Rice at Uncle John's death.

Mr. Rice paid no attention to the appeal, and kept the letters which were the only remaining evidence of the debt of gratitude which his mother had written to Uncle John.

One rather interesting phase of the story is that Uncle John started life again as a farmer. He bought the Alvin Robbins farm, where Mrs. Rice had been secreted for so long and there he died.

Thus ends a very unusual and exciting story which took place in our little town of Derby a hundred years ago.

Location of places mentioned in story:

Uncle Johns' store-building is just north of the present Town Clerk's Office Building. His home was located on the site of the present Academy, the Principal's home. It was burned in 1904 or 1905 but was rebuilt. Dr. Carpenter's home was on East Street now owned by Frank Ladd. Uncle Daniel's farm is now owned by Mr. Cole. Alvin Robbins's farm is now owned by Joseph Robillard.

LETTERS FROM THE PAST

We have been seeking a series of letters of at least a century ago which would tell the story of a Vermonter's journeying from Vermont to the Golden Land of Promise, California. Through the interest and kindness of Mrs. A. Philip Simpson of Mundelein, Ill., we are able to publish such a series for you. Andrew J. Roberts (he was 21 or 22) married Mathilda Theresa Roberts (she was 19) in Walden, Vt. [Walden is in northeastern Vermont in Caledonia County), Dec. 17, 1851, and in Jan., 1852, he departed for California to mine gold. You are invited to join him in Panama on Jan. 28, and look over his shoulder as he writes to his wife and sweetheart far up in the northern hills of Vermont. Editor.

I.

Beloved Wife Panama, Pan, the 28th, 1852

It is with pleasure that I take my pen in hand to adress a few lines to you at this time my health is very good at this time and has been most of the time since I left home. We arrived in New York on the night of our departure from home about 12 Oclock at night. Found Brother Ellis and Boardman and that they had bought our tickets as far as the Isthmus 35 dollars each on the Ohio which was to sail Saturday the 10 inst at two Oclock we started from New York and on Tursday the 20 inst we arrived at Skagras from which place we took a boat and were two days in getting up the river 60 miles and then we started on foot from Gorgonna about 2 Oclock and traveled 14 miles to the half way house and the next day we came throug to Panama being about 3 days acrossing the Isthmus. There was nothing remarkable took place on our pasage from New York to Skagras with the exception that we were all as most all very sea sick and Joseph wished he was at home and thought if he if he were once there he should know how to prize it there was sevral sick on board the Ohio but nun of them died but strange to say although the boat did not stop any where on the voige yet we had one more person on board when we got through than we had when we started or in other words there was a child born on the boat. The weather is very warm here orranges hang green upon the trees and everything looks green but the are is very bad I should think almost every body would be sick yet I have not seen any one that was very

sick and I think if a man stays in the house and minds his own business that he would be perfectly safe but if is out drinking and carousing round he is as likely to get worked over as any way I have heard of sevral loosing their money but it was when they were out of there places. We have bought tickets from here to San Francisco on a sailing vessel by the name of Philena. We could not get tickets on a steamship without waiting from two to three and perhaps as many months we sail tomorrow 28th. It will cost me about 200.00 hundred dollars to get from home through.

Joseph wants Dudley should fix that stove pipe so that it will be safe the wood that is cut for the sugaring place is out in the edge of Bells and Bell says he may cut anything that is dead or dry there. Brother Ellis wants you to say to sister Ellis that he is well and shall write when he gets to San Francisco. The Company are all in very good health and spirits and George Vincent I think has very much improved. I want you should write to me as soon as you get this and direct to San Francisco it is posible that it may get there as soon as I shall write all about the folks the meetings your health and everything you can think of anything will be interesting to me and trust Providence for the time that we shall meet again. Give my love to Aunt Leavitt tell her to keep up good courage to Polly and all other iqiring friends I think of nothing more at present to write if you see Mother tell her that I am well remember us all in the meetings. Except this from your ever affectionate husband and friend.
To M. T. Roberts from A. J. Roberts

2.

[*This letter to Mathilda from her sister, Caroline, is not to be read by anyone; you may skip it if you prefer. Editor*]

Dear Sister Manchester Jan

I hasten to answer your kind letter which I received last Thursday was very glad to hear from you but rather supprised to hear that you were married and more so that Roberts and uncled had gone to calafornia you wrote that you could not come down here I do not see why you cannot should not think you could have much to do now perhaps you do not think what I wanted you for I expect to be confined next may and should like to have you with me then but do not wish you to leave Aunt should be glad to have you both come and make a visit want to see you very much. Father says he thinks you could if you wanted to.

I asked him about Augusto he says he thinks she will come safe if you see her in the carrs and put her in the care of the conductor. I want her to come and stay with me but do not know as father will let her. Pat said he would take her and keep her if they would let him. I think she is to young to work in the mill. I will meet her at the depot next tuesday if you will have her start shall go there wednesday if she is not there tuesday and if you cannot send her thn shall want you to write when you can.

Give my love to Christa tell her I have not forgotten what she promised us about that quilt as I was married about seven months first I think you will have to give it up. I should like to come up there and get some of her good butter but that is more than I can do now so I shall have to content myself to stay at home my health is very good and so is Pats. Jane is to worke in the mill she is quite pleased to think A is coming down says she does not see what you got married for do not think of much more to write do not let any one see what is in this letter give my love to all and write soon
from your sister Caroline E Drew

3.

Beloved Wife Weber Crick May 23 1852

It is with pleasure that I take my pen at this time to write a few lines to you my health is very good at this time and hope these few lines will find you injoying the same blessing as today is Sunday and there is no meeting that we could attend I thought I could not better spend a part of the time than by writing to the one of all others on earth I love the most and I look forward to the time when we shall meet again to part no more untill deaths cold hand shall summons one of us from time to eternaty and may we so have that when we shall be called away that we can give up our account with joy. You charged me not to forget to pray and hope I never shall as long as I live believe me nothing would give me more pleasure than to be at home today and go to meeting with you. Tell Aunt Leavitt that Joseph is well and we are doing well but he is not very contented he speaks often of his little sis wishes he were there. Aunt must not think hard of me because do all of the writing I have tried to have Joseph write but he would rather have me do it. I shall write every male and I want you to do the same. I have heard of all our friends that we left in Mexico they have all left there for San Francisco some of them have got through and I dont know but all I want you to write a general history of things in Walden and Hardwick and ever

thing els you can think of write about your health and how you get along and injoy yourself. Give my respects to Harvey and Polly Sarah Ednah and all other inquiring friends be sure to write every two weeks direct to Sacremento City

From your husband A. J. Roberts

4.

My dear Husband Walden July 3rd 1852

I received your letter Wednesday eve and was very happy to hear that you were still upon the face of time enjoying good health and prosperity. I had been looking forward with a great degree of anxiety to the time another steamer would arrive at New York should have been badly disappointed had I not received letter from you. I want to thank the Lord for the kind and preserving care he had had over you since you left home although you had been through dangers seen and unseen yet the Lord has been with you and it is my prayer night and day that he may ever remain with you and bless you that he may prosper you in all your lawful undertakings in this world and finaly prepare you to reign with him in glory throughout a never ending Eternity. May this be your prayer not only for yourself but also for me and I still entreat you to pray and pray without ceasing and in everything give thanks to God. My dear husband do not let Satan allure you by placing before you the false and transitory things of this world they are all vanity of vanities not worth possesing. As your situation is sutch that you are surrounded with temptations of every description I fear that unless you have help from on high you will be tempted above that you are able to bear but you have only to ask for help and you will have it. I hope you and Uncle will remember the prayer meetings and although there are but two of you yet there are enough to claim the blessed promise where two or three are gathered in my name there I will be in the midst of them O what a blessed promise to sinfull creatures as we are and still another promise that where two are agreed as in touching any one thing it shall be granted and now my dear Husband there is one soul with you that has never tasted the sweets of redeeming love and if you can be the means in the hands of the Lord of turning that soul from the errors of his ways unto the living and true God, it would be more valuable than all the gold you can ever get and who knows but you may. God is able to make you the instruments of his convertion. O remember him at the throne of grace and I will endeaver to do the same but this is only one case thousands are going down to

the gates of destruction fast as the wheels of time can roll just as unregardless of their situation as he is the field is wide the harvest is great and the laborors are few let us be up and doing let us put on the whole armour of God and fight manfuly the fight of faith. Life is short we are hastening to the tomb it is needful threfore that we work while the day lasts lest the night of death come wherein no man can work. There has been some one or two convertions here of late the Celia Oliver and two of her sisters but I hope this will be but a few drops before a more plentiful shower. Since Elder Denison left we have had preaching the most of the time Elder Bedell spent one sabbath with us, then the Convention sent Elder Jones here to spend a few sabaths. He is here now has the appearance of being a very fine man. We do not expect he will leave us without a setled Pastor.

My health is good and I enjoy myself mutch better than I did before I heard from you. I enjoy myself now as well as I can while you are sutch an immense distance from me while there are two such bodies of water between us, although my mind can reach you in a moments time yet I remember that we are seperated by two vast bodies of water and that you have got them to cross before we can ever meet again on earth, if it is the Lords will that we should ever be permited to meet again on the shores of time. I trust we shall know how to prise each others society and also the goodness of our heavenly Father. Mother is well I have not seen her since you wrote before we expect she will be married in the fall to Mr. Henry and he is paying attention to her now so she will have a home of some description. Fanny and James are well they seem nearly as anxious to get your letters as I am J wishes he was with you says he would go if he had the means. We had a cold and tedious winter the hardest part was the last. Sugaring came on the last of march and dwindled along till the last of April Sugar season was rather poor. We had a very late Spring snow was on the ground when people ought to have been sowing their seed. The summer has been cold and was dry the first part of it but we have a plenty of rain now. Yet everything is backward.

Charles Stevens wife is very sick has been ever since the birth of her child in Feb. the Doctor has no hopes of her it is quite healthy as a general thing. You said in your first letter you were going to send me some money I did not receive it if you sent it it was lost. If you will number your letters I will mine and then we shall know whether there is any lost or not. You did not say anything about what you was doing I want you to write a good long letter give a description

of the place what you are doing how you like and get along and what is far more important than all therest when you are coming home, and when you write you must put in a word for them all every one is ancious to hear if it is only a word anything will be interesting to me that you write.

Sabbath morning Aunt Leavitt is down to Mr. Stevens and I am here alone do not expect she will live through the day. She has given up all of her family and everything of a worldly nature and longs for the time to come Thus five children one of them a helpless infant will be left without a mother to watch over and love them. but the judge of all the Earth will do right. What would I give if you could be here to spend the Sabbath with me as I cannot go to meeting the Sabbaths seem very long although I have some precious seasons with my Savior but I have got to send this letter to the post office in order to have it go out in the morning so I must close write often and do not neglect to get some one to write if you are sick. Give my respects to Uncle tell him he must not be so discontented Aunt has written to him but I must close with a long goodbye.
from your devoted wife M. T. Roberts

* * *

GRAFTON TOWN

When a sudden shower of summer rain
  comes laughing down your rills
And the little puffs of silver mist go
  sliding up your hills;
When the cowbell's tinkling music and the
  drowsy hum of bees
Smooth all my cares and wrinkles out with
  their serenities,—

When the wild canary's singing o'er a
  huddled herd of sheep
Seems like cathedral music when the
  angels go to sleep,
O 'tis then I cease my seeking
  for Heaven's golden crown,
For the Peace of God right here on earth
  has come to Grafton Town.

—*Samuel B. Pettengill*

Folklore Department

EDITED *by* LEON W. DEAN
President, Green Mountain Folklore Society

Sheep Shearing Song

A year ago we published a song entitled "The Farmer's Song," sent us by Amos J. Eaton of South Royalton. We now have a different version of the same song submitted by Mrs. Richard J. Fitzgerald of Montpelier. A comparison of the two will show how flexible folk songs may be. In referring to the song, Mrs. Fitzgerald says:

"My father used to sing me to sleep by this, and always called it Grandma Alden's Sheep Shearing Song. My Great Grandmother Sally Sanders Alden died before 1880. Father remembers the shearers, or Brigham's Men, as he called them, coming to different homes in Middlesex to shear the sheep. He says it was Grandmother's habit when supper was cleared away for all to remain at the table and sing this song in a lusty manner. I remember the tune, which is simple and peppy. The song was copied from an old paper in Great Grandmother Alden's writing which I found a few years ago among my father's papers."

The Vermont Farmer

Have you ever heard of the Farmer
Who lives among the hills,
Where every man is sovereign
And owns the land he tills,
Where all the girls are beautiful,
And all the men are strong?

Oh, it's my delight both day and night
To sing the Farmer's song
Oh, it's my delight both day and night
To sing the Farmer's song.

It is here the tall and manly,
Green Mountain Boys are seen,
So called because the Mountains
And not the boys are Green!
They always fight to win the right
And to resist the wrong.

Chorus as above

And here the Morgan horses
And Blackhawk steeds abound,
For grace and beauty, strength and speed,
Their equal can't be found.
They always go it plenty,
And always come it strong.

Chorus as above

And here the true Merinos
Of pure imported stock,
Are often seen to range the green,
In many a noble flock.
Their forms are large and beautiful,
Their wool is fine and long.

Chorus as above

And now three cheers for Brigham
And all true shepherd men,
May Heaven keep himself and sheep
Until shearing comes again,
And then may we be there to see,
And help the sport along.

Chorus as above

Believe It Or Not

A winter evening. To the group around the stove in the village store two natives were boasting of their fishing prowess.

Sam said: "I was usin' a bass plug I made myself out on Seymour Lake two days ago, and I caught a small mouth black bass. Believe it or not, it weighed five and a quarter pounds."

After a full minute of skeptical silence, Ezra said: "That's nothin'. I was fishin' for bullhead last night down here at the mouth of the crick when I felt somethin' yankin' on my line. I pulled it up and found I'd hooked onto a lantern, and what's more the durn thing was lit."

A still longer and more incredulous silence. Then Sam said: "Ezry, if you'll put that lantern out, I'll take two pounds off my bass."

—*Fred B. Wright, Pelham, N. Y.*

To Cure It

Gather white hen manure in the new of the moon. Dry and pulverize it, then mix with honey and form into pills about the size of peas. A sure cure for epilepsy.

—

Steep horse radish leaves in hot vinegar, and bind on the soles of the feet. Grate the bulbs of Jack-in-the-pulpit and apply as a poultice on the throat and chest. Drink large quantities of sage or catnip tea. These are among the best known remedies for severe colds.

—

Wash and dry the membranous lining of a chicken's gizzard. Pulverize and steep. This is an excellent remedy for gall bladder trouble.

—

Cover about two cups of fish worms with warm lard, and allow them to set in the sun until well rotted. Then apply as an ointment to rheumatic joints.

—

Steep sheep manure in enough hard cider to cover for eight hours. Strain and drink one cupful every four hours until the measles "come out."

—

Chew gold thread for canker or sore mouth.—*Raymond L. Taylor, Weston.*

—&—

Times Have Changed

Sometime ago, in looking over the files of Peacham's *Green Mountain Patriot*, in the library of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, I found in the issue of Nov. 25, 1801, a sure-fire eye remedy.

INFALLIBLE CURE

For Films and for Blood Shot Eyes

Drop in each eye of the patient, on going to bed, two or three Head Lice. They will not occasion more pain than an eyestone, but will so gorge themselves with the film of blood shot, that in the morning they will be discharged dead from the eyes. Let this be repeated a few times and the cure will be perfected.

Despise not this Lousy remedy; it is invaluable to those who use it.

—*Waldo F. Glover, Winchester, Mass.*

No Worse Off

A man used to walk down to the village from his farm to visit with his cronies of the Civil War. They would sit and talk till finally he would pull out his watch, look at it, and say:

"Golly, it's half-past ten and I promised my wife to get home by ten." Then he would settle back with:

"Wall, she's as mad now as she can be, so I might just as well stay another hour."—*Mary O. Pollard, Middlebury.*

—&—

Family Sayings

"Nice little place you have here. Lived here all your life?"
"Not yet, mister."

—

"How long will it take to get to town?"
"How fast are you going to walk?"

—

"The doctor thinks maybe Uncle has lost his mind."
"Don't seem to miss it none!"

—

"What do you know today—for sure?"
"Not a darned thing."

—

"Think it's going to rain?"
"Be a long dry spell if it doesn't."—*Priscilla F. Bagley, Granville.*

—&—

Weather Observations

If the red and black caterpillar had more black than red, it was a sign of a long, hard winter. When haying, if the hornet nests were found on the ground, it was a sign of an open winter. If the skin on the onion was thick, it was a sign of a hard winter. A red or orange moon meant a hot, dry spell. If the snow stuck to the trees, it was a sign that the next storm would be a snowstorm. Spider webs on the grass meant a fair day. If the wind blew the leaves of the trees up, it was a sign of a coming storm.—*Emma A. Kimball, Sharon.*

No Enemies

The old man sat in the back pew.

"Is there anyone here," asked the preacher, "with no enemies?"

The old man raised his hand.

"Come down front, brother. Come right down front. No enemies? How remarkable!"

"Dumned cusses are all dead."—*William York, Lincoln.*

—&—

Take Heed

Double wedding—only one couple will prosper. Your corn will never grow until you lie naked at night. Never let an object like a tree or post come between you and your companion. Never put three lamps in a row. Never sing before breakfast. Never cut your finger-nails on Sunday. Never watch anyone out of sight. You'll never finish anything you start on Saturday. Snow like meal, snow a good deal. If a pot burns dry, it is going to rain. If your right hand itches, you are going to have company.—*Lillian E. Terrill, Burlington.*

—&—

Old Stand-By

(*This is a recipe for apple pie which Mrs. H. H. Dunbar of Craftsbury says her ancestors used.*)

Line the pie plate with pastry, slice peeled and cored apples very thin and arrange in plate. Sprinkle maple sugar over top of apples. Then put three or four paper-thin slices of salt pork on top and cover with top crust.

Since the early settlers had such poor means of transportation and were so far away from trading centers and were unable to get cane sugar, which was very rare, they used maple sugar for cooking and salt pork in place of butter.—*Sally Durkee, Tunbridge.*

—&—

Middlebury Epitaphs

Days, months, and years of sin, a long adieu,
Friends, Christian friends, a short farewell to you,
Receive kind earth the mortal part of me,
And oh my Saviour, take my soul to thee.

—

Here lies an honest man.

Faithful husband, thou art at rest,
Until we meet again.

—

At rest.
Wife of
C. S. Carr
J. S. Cole
J. L. Wesley

—

His languished head is at rest,
Its thinkings and achings are o'er,
His quiet immoveable breast,
Is heaved by affliction no more.

—

Above a lady who passed from this earth at 99 years:
'Tis strange that a harp of a thousand strings,
Should keep in tune so long.

—

Above a young man drowned in Lemon Fair:
Thus in a moment I was call'd
Eternity to view,
No time to regulate my house,
Or bid my friends adieu.

—*Violet W. Chatfield, Middlebury.*

—&—

Did You Ever!

They have more yung'uns than a hen's setting. He ain't got the guts of an English sparrow. No great punkins. Tougher'n a green elm. Older than the devil's grandmother. A few hoe handles down the road. Steeper'n Sam Hill. Up the road a snort and a beller. You won't hurt a smile by cracking it. A drop of honey catches more flies than a barrel of vinegar. You can't judge a man by his overcoat. It's a good horse that never stumbles. Every cask smells of the wine it contains.—*Prof. Muriel J. Hughes, University of Vermont.*

—&—

Sailorwise

Gene had been a sailor, but in later years was reduced to farm work. He hired out to Sell Way, who set him to harrowing with a

big, heavy, square spike-tooth harrow, which was drawn by a yoke of oxen with Jennie, a grey mare, hitched ahead of them—a spike team, as we called it. In mid-morning Gene came to the house, looking crestfallen, and Mr. Way asked him how he was getting along.

"Bad," said Gene. "The starboard ox is on the larboard side, and the larboard ox is on the starboard side, and old Jennie is tangled in the rigging, and they are all going down together."

On another occasion Gene was set to mowing with a hand scythe. At noon he reported: "I have pulled up some grass, tromped down some, and cut off some. I think I have stopped the growth of the most of it."—*Amos J. Eaton, South Royalton.*

—&—

Changing the Straw

Each year it was an ordeal to be endured to change the straw which was placed under the carpeting in the parlor. The carpeting had to be removed carefully and the straw swept up. The floors were then mopped and allowed to dry.

A new supply of straw was procured and placed on the floor—usually in the parlor and sitting room. The carpeting was tacked firmly at one end and one side of the room next to the mopboards. Usually the men, wearing rubbers or rubber boots, were called in and scuffed the carpeting to the other end of the room, where it was securely tacked.

Then they would turn and scuff the carpet to the other side, where it was pulled and hauled into place. Then it was tacked. This straw was used in place of our modern rug cushions and gave a certain softness to the rugs.

Mother said that when the straw was taken out each spring it was nothing but chaff!—*Nellie M. Fletcher, as recorded by Priscilla F. Bagley, Granville.*

—&—

Going Up

Uncle Luther of Hubbardton used to get pretty excited at prayer meeting and stamp up and down the aisle exhorting.

"O, Lord," he cried one night, "if I didn't have my boots on, I'd come right up to ye!"

"Hold on a minute, Uncle Luther," said a young wag, "and I'll pull 'em off for you."—*Mrs. Guy St. Francis, Poultney.*

Honey

(Do try on hot biscuits)

5 lbs. sugar
1½ pints hot water
alum the size of a cherry
20 red clover blossoms
12 white clover blossoms
8 pink roses

Melt sugar with the water. Add alum and boil 2 minutes. Remove from fire and immediately add the petals of the blossoms and let stand 10 minutes. Strain and bottle.

—

Boiled Cider Pie

(recipe 100 years old)

1 cup sugar
½ cup flour
½ cup homemade boiled cider
butter the size of a walnut
1 cup boiling water
add a few chopped butternuts if desired

Combine and put in unbaked pie shell. Put on lattice top. Bake in modern oven 450 degrees for 10 minutes and 350 degrees for about 30 minutes.

—

Carrot or Vegetable Pudding

(from a great grandmother's cook book)

1 cup carrots put through modern food chopper
1 cup potatoes put through chopper
1 cup raisins put through chopper
¾ or 1 cup sugar
1 cup flour
½ tsp. allspice
1 tsp. soda dissolved in a little water
1 tsp. salt
1 egg

The raisins may be omitted. Add beaten eggs to the other ingredients. Place in coffee cans or steamer and steam for three hours. Serve with whipped cream.—*Gwendolyn Hilliker, Lyndonville.*

The Lazy Fool!

Old Mr. Upton was tidying up his barn floor one morning when Leon Bogle stopped by to just visit. Soon Mr. Upton dug a crowbar from the chaff.

"Gol durn, I borrowed that crowbar from Chris Jones a whole year ago and the lazy old fool's just been too lazy to come and get it!"—*Alice S. Whitney, Wilmington.*

—&—

Said Without Flowers

As happy as though he was in his right mind. So crooked he can't lay straight in bed. So small you'd have to shake the sheets to find her. You're as deep in the mud as I am in the mire. Her mouth was put on hot and it ran all over her face. His feet slanted on the mud sill o' hell. He hasn't got a brain in his body and no place to put one. He chops with the head of his ax. As handy as a pocket in another man's shirt.—*Lillian E. Terrill, Burlington.*

—&—

Pious Horse

A Mr. Hazen, one of the original settlers in the town of Hartford, owned more land than any other settler. He and his family lived in what is now West Hartford, and attended the first church erected in town. As the church had no bell to summon the people, a conch shell was blown, which sounded far and near.

The Hazens were very religious people and went to church every Sunday unless some unusual thing happened. It so happened this particular Sunday morning that Mr. Hazen was ill, and in fact so seriously ill that Mrs. Hazen did not want to leave him alone, so no one went to church.

The old horse which they owned heard the conch shell blow, and, as no member of the family appeared, went to church alone, and upon arrival took his accustomed place at the hitching rail. Here he stood very contented during the long service, but when everyone started home the old horse went along too.—*Emma A. Kimball, Sharon.*

—&—

Damaged Goods

Mike Foley was going to the store in Moretown one day, and his wife, Delia, asked him to get her some underwear at Ward's General Store.

Mike, knowing the storekeeper knew his wife and what size she would need, simply asked for some underwear for his wife.

When he got home he gave his wife the package containing the underwear. When she unwrapped the contents and held them up, she let out a gasp of horror. Instead of the old-fashioned kind she beheld a "newfangled union suit." She told her husband that she would never be seen dead in any such contraption and ordered him to take it right back to Mr. Ward.

Poor Mike left the house and returned to the store.

"My wife won't be seen dead in these contraptions. Look at 'em."

"Well, let's see," said Mr. Ward. He held them up and, beholding the opening in the back, said: "Oh, that's damaged goods. It'll only cost you half the regular price."—*Nellie M. Fletcher, as recorded by Priscilla F. Bagley, Granville.*

—&—

Drink Deep

Spruce and birch beer were brewed by mixing a decoction of sassafras, birch, or spruce bark with molasses and water; or by boiling the twigs in maple sap; or by boiling together pumpkin and apple parings, water, malt and roots.—*Pauline E. Woodward, Westford.*

—&—

O, Lord!

In Albany, Vt., there is a section of the town called "The Kingdom." Running through this section was a small stream. It was called "The Lord's Creek." People by the name of Lord lived near the bank of the stream.—*Mrs. Don H. Sears, Albany.*

—&—

Whipping The Cat

It was formerly the custom for shoemakers to go from house to house once a year or oftener to mend the family footwear and make new. This practice was known as "whipping the cat."—*Violet W. Chatfield, Middlebury.*

—&—

Very True

You can shear a sheep many times, but you can skin him only once.—*Mrs. Guy St. Francis, Poultney.*

The Green Mountain Boys

by Morris R. Wilcox

The Green Mountain Boys were a raw-boned breed;
They could distance a mountain doe running;
Their eyes were sharp as a flintlock's spark,
And they knew a catamount's cunning.

For some were whelped on the Hampshire Grants
That shouldered Canada's border,
And some drifted there from God-knows-where
With a Governor Wentworth order.

None was cast in a Quaker mould,
And few of them feared their Maker;
They were rough and tough as a granite bluff—
Bob Cochran and Remember Baker.

With a Redskin nose and a weathered pelt
Dark as a log cabin corner,
And a woodsman's skill, and a freeman's will—
Strode Seth and Gideon Warner.

They roared through the Grants like a mad March wind
And rum they drank by the gallon.
But they loved the land where the sweet-maples stand—
Ethan and Ira Allen.

Some states are born by an act of law,
And the labor pains are a trifle;
But they staked their life on a hunting-knife
And the ball of a Ranger rifle.

They furrowed their fields and hunted their hills
From river to mountain cavern,
And they wrote the law with a wild hurrah
At the tap of the Catamount Tavern.

And woe to the man with a Yorker claim,
And woe to Tryon's minions
Who were made to feel the harsh Beech Seal
Till they changed their York opinions.

For the Green Mountain Boys defied George Third;
They defied the state that outlawed them.
With a price on their head, either living or dead,
Neither King nor constable awed them.

They hewed from the hills a free mountain state
And challenged the rest of Creation;
They set up in trade and went on parade
As a right little, tight little Nation.

They ground their own grist and wove their own wool
And when shillings grew scarce, then they coined them.
They planted their flax and collected their tax
Till the rest of the Nation joined them.

Now some of them sleep by the old stone wall,
And some of them sleep by the steeple,
But no tomb is made with pickaxe and spade
That inters the love of a people!

Postscript

"*History is the essence of innumerable biographies.*"—THOMAS CARLYLE

In the December Postscript, I challenged our female readers—that is, those under fifty years of age—to give me the source of this quotation: "*She riseth while it is yet dark—looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.*" As I surmised, a few of our younger members promptly gave as the source, "The Bible." Such a general answer, of course, is not accepted in a well-regulated classroom. A few of our older members—look well to your laurels, youth!—brought up in a wiser day (pardon me), promptly located the quotation. But Mrs. Charles H. Canning of Springfield, Vt., won the book with this answer: "Since I still have a few years of leeway before reaching your age deadline of 50, I accept your challenge and refer you to *Proverbs*, chapter 31, verse 15 and verse 27." From one of our most loyal and highly esteemed members came this note: "In reading the Postscript in the last QUARTERLY the quotation you mentioned took me back to my childhood (more than fifty years ago) when the girls in my family always called that chapter of *Proverbs* the birthday chapter, and my eldest sister always crowed over the rest of us as her birthday came on the 29th! My husband was much amazed when I immediately identified the quotation." . . . Three years ago, I faced a college class of seniors, all of them with good backgrounds, and not one of them could identify what I consider to be one of the finest expressions of a final love ever penned by man: "*Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go: and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: and thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried.*" Try that quotation on some of the younger generation about you, perhaps your husband. I think of it many, many times in turning the faded leaves that tell of a pioneer girl coming with her young husband to Vermont—and living out every word of that quotation with him; and the far yesterdays are just a day away to the young wives whose husbands were or are fighting as did their fathers in the hope of a better country and world beyond the horizons of war.

* * *

Perhaps because long familiar to my ear, I like the rich speech of

an older generation in Vermont—speech now fading under the tumult of the radio, the click and clack of the clipped speech of modern America, and the crowded gush of words in our high-speed newspapers. Something of poetry with deep human meanings is in that speech. I have been musing on a story told by Helen Harkness Flanders who has made the collecting of our fine Vermont ballads and folk-songs a life interest. She tells of the incident thus. An old ballad-singer was trying to sing about "King Henry V's Conquest of France," but the verse he wanted was elusive. He adjourned to the orchard and the plum trees. While picking plums, the verses began to come to him; and it was he, who in speaking of his life in the woods—he had been a cook in a lumber camp in Maine—said: "The trees are a quietness and an education, and, oh, my God, what a picture!" Much meaning in a few words.

* * *

Many interested in history, who wish to study some phase, seem to me to reach for a too wide and complex canvas—too intricate a subject, which should be left to the professional historian perhaps—although he can use material mined even by an amateur. The topic near home, no matter how slight, has its lasting value. Here is a quotation that points up my thought from Bingham's *Ancestors' Brocades:* "Once, as Henry Thoreau and my Grandfather were floating down the Concord River in a little boat, Henry's face became suddenly transfigured as he looked up into the branches of a great oak tree beneath which they were passing, and he exclaimed, 'There is enough in that oak tree to occupy a man his entire life'." There is enough in one Vermont life of the past, one Vermont village, no matter how small, to occupy a careful student his entire life—to the enrichment of other lives in later years.

* * *

The Month at Goodspeed's Book Shop, Boston, is both informatively and entertainingly written, and I always go through it. Here is a quotation from it that has the editor's characteristic touch:

THE U.S. JOINS VERMONT

> Green, hilly Vermont, with sugar in its trees and the devil's paint brush in its pastures, joined the Union when it had a mind to, and not before. In 1777 it declared itself an independent republic. It's still independent but on March 4, 1791, it became our fourteenth state. We have a very pretty autographed document about it.

It is a quarto broadsheet or leaflet, printed on the first and second pages (pp. 3–4 being blank) measuring about 10 by 8 inches. It begins: "Congress of the United States: at the Third Session, Begun and held at . . . Philadelphia, on [Dec. 6, 1790]. An Act giving Effect to the laws of the United States within the State of Vermont."

The body of the text declares that after March 3, 1791, all U.S. laws "which are not locally inapplicable, ought to have, and shall have, the same force and effect within the United States."

Sometimes, I feel that there are a number of Federal laws which "are not locally applicable," and even now a Vermonter in a responsible position flatly refuses to obey a Federal law, much to the quiet joy of many Vermonters of his stamp if not to Federal agencies or those who believe that a law is a law.

* * *

Mr. Folsom's earlier, informal papers on "Vermont at Bull Run," "The Battle of Valcour Island," in past issues, and in this issue "The Battle of Hubbardton," reflect the author's legal training and an instinctive feeling for values in such themes that escape the run-of-the-mine historian. The final history of the Hubbardton action is yet to be written, but Mr. Folsom (VHS) carries us a long step on the way. Professor George F. Newbrough, for two decades and more a valued member of the faculty of Norwich University, is gradually preparing with the editor of the QUARTERLY for a definitive study of the life of Royall Tyler and a volume of his unpublished manuscripts, now in the care of the Society. Frances Stockwell (VHS) Lovell of Bellows Falls is a writer who has found an interest in Vermont history a source for many appealing stories and poems that appear in our popular American magazines. Marion B. Lawrence (VHS) of Stamford lives on a farm that has been in the possession of her family for more than a century; and as her paper shows, the traditions of her family have deep roots. The Rice kidnapping is one of Vermont's oft-told tales. Mrs. Hayes' entertaining re-telling of the story from a personal point of view, reflected from her family knowledge, adds new light to the old story. Morris R. Wilcox (VHS) of Burlington gave a real ballad touch to the fabulous Underground Railroad in our July 1951 issue, and here we have overtones, difficult to put into prose, in "The Green Mountain Boys." Samuel

B. Pettengill, who wrote the haunting "The Widow's Clearing" which appeared in the April, 1951, number, who sends "Grafton Town" from Oregon, was for eight years representative of that state in the Congress. His summer home is "Robin Lawn" in Grafton, to which he plans to return after retirement. In his poem he suggests the feeling that many an absent Vermonter has for some village among the hills.

* * *

Many of our banks, because of their long history, are a basic historical element in their regions and communities, although with the somewhat dull sense of history that many businessmen possess, few banks ever seem to sense the value of that history to the present. The National Bank of Derby Line, however, is one of the alert banks; and I have been reading with pleasure and will file, later, with our Derby Line material, the brochure prepared by the bank's officers. The text traces the history of the bank, and indirectly, the community from 1851 to 1951. Correlated with the history of the bank is the running commentary on the history of Derby Line and Stanstead, Quebec. The illustrations go back to the Eastman House, built by the pioneer Samuel Pomeroy about 1799. It was thought parallel 45 ran through the house; so a white line was painted to show the dividing line between Canada and the United States. Canadian debtors who could be arrested in Vermont came to the boundary and transacted business safely with Vermonters. There are Civil War notes, notes on Horse and Buggy Days, the Derby Line Hotel, the Haskell Free Library, in addition to sketches of business leaders. This type of history which is definitely good advertising for a bank, is also useful as a community history and useful as a historical record in other ways.

* * *

I am skirting warily around this subject of recipes or receipts, but one of our members whom I regard as an expert in good things to eat sent in a recipe—I mean receipt—for mincemeat. I am somewhat worried lest our younger generation of women forget the art of making a mince pie the way Grandmother did; and here is a "receipt" —I quit; it's going to be recipe from now on—for mincemeat. My trusted informant tells me, "Acording to tradition, Mrs. George Washington made famous mince pies using this recipe." Whether she did or not, the recipe looks grand to me, although a lassie of the Y.G. might take a glance at it and then make a dash for a commercial can of mincemeat—and I doubt if I can blame her. Here is the recipe:

2 lbs. beef; 2 lbs. raisins; 2 lbs. beef suet; 4 lbs. apples; 2 lbs. sugar; ¼ oz. cloves; ditto, mace; 2 lemons (juice and rind); 2 lbs. currants; 1 lb. citron; 1½ candied lemon peel; 2½ lbs. Sultana raisins; 2 grated nutmegs; ½ oz. cinnamon; 1 teaspoon salt; 2 oranges (juice and rind). Simmer meat gently until tender. When perfectly cold, chop and add to other dry ingredients. Then add the juice and rind of lemons and oranges. Cover closely in a stone jar. Will keep all winter.

Now, there you have something! I am printing it anyway, because this recipe will be read one hundred years from now, just as we turn repeatedly to the *Proceedings* of a century ago, by a generation which finds solace and contentment in three pills a day and looks with amusement on vanished men who grubbed through most of the day to secure sustenance for a day.

* * *

With this January issue, another volume begins. We have carefully planned, we believe, for articles of lasting value historically, for sketches, not so lasting perhaps though useful for our day and some days beyond us; and we are receiving cordial support in our planning by scholars and others who find recreation and personal pleasure in historical research. We shall still experiment, of course, for history to us is alive and forward-looking and never static. Vermont should have a six-volume history done in final and definitive form, but such a dream must wait on another day and ample funds. In the meantime, a light can be focussed on many dark corners, and voices long silent can speak across the years if we learn to listen as we must, for the voice of the past is always speaking to us; we, as a rule, are the unheeding and unhearing ones, entangled in the days and the years, and in affairs of the moment, few of which have any meaning for the distant future.

A.W.P.

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AS THE YEARS PASS

Generations of men have appeared and vanished since on November 5, 1838, the General Assembly of the State of Vermont approved an "Act to Incorporate the Vermont Historical and Antiquarian Society." This generation and generations far in the future are to pass, but the Society will live on through the changes and vicissitudes of time, keeping alive the traditions that have made a state and a people great, serving the past and the present in terms of values that abide. If any member is interested in setting up memorial funds or other funds that will last as long as Vermont lasts, we welcome an invitation to point the way.

Dr. Arthur W. Peach, Director

GENERAL INFORMATION

Membership in the Society is open to any individual or institution.

AIMS AND PURPOSES

THE VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY, founded one hundred and twelve years ago, is the *official historical society* of the State of Vermont. Housed in the State Library Building at Montpelier, it maintains a Library, Reading-Room, the State Museum, and furnishes a wide range of services to the State and individuals through its staff. It publishes scholarly and general books of lasting value; its rich collections contain priceless material for the study of community, state, and national history; it serves as headquarters for the local historical societies of the State. It also functions as an educational institution, seeking to promote the study of history in both popular and research phases. Its aims are to preserve for the future valuable relics, data, and documents, to emphasize an understanding of history as an asset to the people of the State, including its youth, as an approach to the problems of man in his relation to society, and as a method of clarifying the permanent values that underlie achievement in human experience. The Society is supported in part by appropriations of the General Assembly, but the major part of its necessary income is drawn from private gifts, contributions, endowments, and membership fees. Its affairs are under the direct control of representatives of the State, *ex officio*, and a Board of Curators who are recognized leaders in professional and business fields.

CLASSES OF MEMBERSHIP

Names and addresses of possible members are given prompt attention.

LIFE MEMBERSHIPS. $100. *No* annual dues. Includes subscription to the official magazine of the Society, *The Vermont Quarterly*, a monthly publication, the *V.H.S. News and Notes*, and a free copy of every book published by the Society after the receipt of the dues and during the member's lifetime.

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A membership, except a life membership, holds for one year, beginning on the day of the receipt with dues of the application or certificate.

SELECTED TITLES FROM THE PUBLICATIONS of the VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY MONTPELIER, VERMONT

Books listed below may be ordered directly at the price indicated. Members of the Society are given a 10 per cent discount on any volume.

1. *The Capture of Ticonderoga* by Lucius Chittenden. Documents, notes. 172 pp. $1.50
2. *Biography of Thomas Davenport, Inventor of the Electric Motor* by W. R. Davenport. Illus. Index. 165 pp. $3.00
3. *Vermonters* by D. B. E. Kent. Famous Vermonters, their birthplaces, their records. 187 pp. $1.50
4. *The Upper Connecticut: Narratives of its Settlement and its Part in the Revolution.* 2 vols. 300 pp.; 286 pp. ($2.25 per vol.) $4.50
5. *The Story of a Country Medical College; a History of the Clinical School of Medicine and The Vermont Medical College, Woodstock, Vermont 1827–1856* by F. C. Waite. Illus. 213 pp. $4.50
6. *Vermont During the War for Independence . . . Being Three Chapters from the Author's Natural and Civil History of Vermont*, published in 1794, by Samuel Williams. 104 pp. Wrappers. $1.25
7. *People of Wallingford* by B. C. Batcheller. 328 pp. $3.00
8. *History of Londonderry* by A. E. Cudworth. 228 pp. $3.00
9. *History of Marlborough* by E. H. Newton. 330 pp. $3.50
10. *History of Barnard* by W. M. Newton. 2 vols. 879 pp. Illus. Folding Maps. $6.00
11. *History of Pomfret* by H. H. Vail. 2 vols. 687 pp. Illus. Folding Maps $5.00
12. *List of Pensioners of the War of 1812* by B. N. Clark. $1.50
13. *Vermont Imprints Before 1800* by Elizabeth F. Cooley. 133 pp. $1.50
14. *Heads of Families: Second Census of the United States: 1800. The State of Vermont.* Folio, 233 pp. $3.00
15. *The First Medical College in Vermont. Castleton 1818–1862* by Frederick Clayton Waite. 280 pp. 13 ill. Catalog of graduates and non-graduates. Index. $5.00.

THE monument on yonder hill will stand unguarded. It is finished, and it represents a complete event. But the laws and institutions under which the people enjoy prosperity and happiness, equalled by no others in the world, need to be guarded every hour. They are always menaced by aggressive forces without, and endangered by false teachings and insidious influences within. Let the visible monument be a constant reminder of the invisible spirit of patriotism, political equality and social progress which formed the great purpose of the revolutionary heroes, and which must equally animate the people of to-day and tomorrow, or the time will come when instead of throngs of peace and order, there will be processions clamoring for bread, or raising the red flag of anarchy.

FROM THE ADDRESS BY COLONEL ALBERT CLARKE OF BOSTON, SPEAKING AT THE DEDICATION OF THE BENNINGTON BATTLE MONUMENT, AUGUST 19, 1891: QUOTED BY EX-GOVERNOR J. L. BARSTOW IN HIS ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF THE CHITTENDEN MONUMENT AT WILLISTON, VERMONT, 1896.